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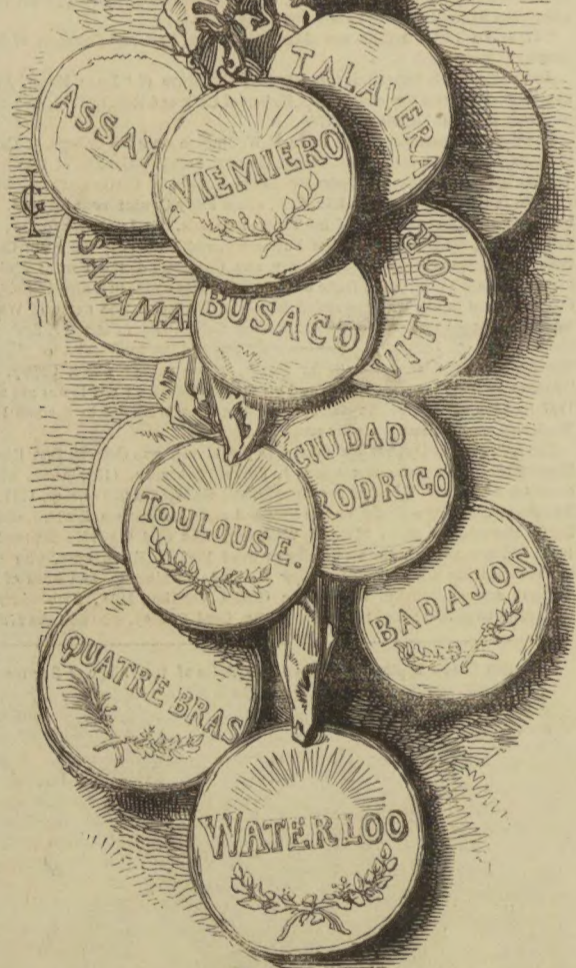
DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE Duke of Wellington is dead. The great soldier, the wise statesman, the able administrator, the profound thinker, is no more. We cannot but call the event, which has deprived the country of the living presence of so illustrious a man, a national calamity. Yet the star of his usefulness had culminated and fallen; and his death, when he was full of years and of honour, is an event that was yearly, if not daily expected. It will excite no poignant sorrow, because it was natural and timely, but it will call forth that manly and general sympathy which death always demands, especially in the case of individuals so great and so good as he was. Nor will the influence of the event or the sympathy of the multitude be confined to his own country. Throughout Europe, Asia, and America, the news will fall amid the universal condolence of grateful nations.

Since the time when English history became emancipated from mere tradition, and since the influence of the past began to be sensibly felt and understood in the great events of the present, there never arose in this realm a man who conferred so many services on his country as Arthur Duke of Wellington. His fame is entirely pure. There is not a dark spot upon it. As a soldier and a conqueror the annals of no period and of no country can show a reputation more brilliant or deeds so unselfish, as well as so grand and so beneficial, as his were from his youth, to

his maturity, and from his maturity to his venerable old age. If Alexander were a greater soldier, which is doubtful, he was not such a patriot or friend to humanity. The sword of Wellington was never drawn to enslave, but to liberate. He was never the oppressor, but always the friend of the nations amongst whom he appeared, and to him, under Providence, we mainly owe our present position at the very head and front of the freedom, the enterprise, the glory, and the civilisation of the world. Whatever we are we might not have been, had that one man been less brave and less virtuous than he was. If Cæsar, Timour, Genghis, Charles of Sweden, or Napoleon gained victories as great—considered as mere battles—they never gained any so great, considered in the purity of their motives or the benign influence which they exercised upon the fortunes of mankind. Those mighty combatants, Wellington and Napoleon, though human, seemed super-human. Their stupendous struggle has no parallel in ancient or modern history. All other persons and events of our time have been dwarfed by comparison with these two and their deeds. When Napoleon fell, and Wellington conquered, the world had time to breathe, and to be at rest. The result has been, up to the time at which he died, thirty-seven years of international peace, worth more for the real progress of humanity than any two or three centuries in the history of the world.

Yet it was not simply as a soldier, great as he was, that the Duke



BATTLE OF ASSAYE.

of Wellington rendered such infinite service to his country. He was a high-minded, disinterested, and honest statesman, and possessed in a remarkable degree a clear, sound, sagacious, and straightforward intellect. No subtleties escaped his penetration; no sophistry could stand against his sturdy common-sense. As a politician these qualities were of inestimable value to himself and to Great Britain. Though he had his political predilections he never became the slave of prejudice. Open to conviction, he always knew how to yield when resistance would have been unwise or perilous; and more than once, in a crisis of his country's history, his submission to overpowering truth and necessity was almost as brilliant a victory in the public cause as Waterloo itself.

What he himself said of Sir Robert Peel, his great friend and ally in political life, might be said with even more justice and emphasis of himself. His great and paramount characteristic was his love of truth. He had as keen a perception of it in men and things, as an ardent love of it. "TRUTH and DUTY;" "DUTY and TRUTH." These were his guiding stars throughout the whole of his career. They shone in his face, they illuminated his mind, and they made his actions what they were—lucid and intelligible to all men, and as unmistakable in the purity of their aim and object as in their origin and inspiration. And with this solid intellect he never took liberties. Its massiveness prevented even himself from trifling with it. No man ever suspected him of insincerity and double-dealing; and even at that unhappy time, when popular clamour was raised against him, and when he, "father of the nation," as he might have been considered, was obliged to barricade his windows against the assaults of an ungrateful people who owed their liberties to his integrity and his courage, no one ever dreamed of accusing him of want of political principle or of personal honesty. It was because the temporarily excited mob believed him to be so honest, that they were so embittered against him. But all this was evanescent. The English are a just people. They go wrong at times; but they invariably come right again; and if they have one characteristic more strongly developed than another, it is their love of fair play. It was the peculiar privilege of the Duke of Wellington, as we think it was the peculiar honour of the English people, that the ebullitions of political ill-feeling during the time of the Reform excitement so speedily wore themselves out, and that the longer the warrior lived, the more popular he became. It even seemed as if the mob, struck with remorse that they had, in a moment of blindness, aimed a blow, or launched an ill word against the almost sacred head of their defender, endeavoured to make amends for the angry injustice of a day by the love and admiration of all future time. For the last ten or twelve years of his honoured and honourable life, his public appearances were public ovations; and he was as affectionately loved, and as sincerely respected, by the humblest street pedestrians whom he met in his daily walks, as he was by the more favoured few with whom he associated in public, as well as in private and domestic life.

WALMER, Wednesday Evening.

THE sudden decease of his Grace the Duke of Wellington took place yesterday afternoon, at a quarter past three o'clock. It was on Monday morning that the noble Duke last took open-air exercise by walking out in the environs of the Castle. Up to the morning of Tuesday his Grace's health continued to all appearance in its usual satisfactory state, considering his advanced age. The Duke retired to rest on Monday night quite well, and in his customary good spirits. It is believed that he passed a comfortable night. At all events, he did not summon his attendant to wait upon him. On Tuesday morning his valet called him, as usual, between six and seven o'clock, but his Grace did not rise to dress; and after the lapse of about an hour, the valet's attention was aroused by a sound resembling faint moanings issuing from his master's chamber. He thereupon went into his Grace's room, when the Duke, who had not left his bed, inquired if his apothecary (Mr. Hulke, of Deal) lived near, and directed that that gentleman should be sent for, as he (the Duke) wished to see him. This was the first intimation received by any member of the household that his Grace felt indisposed. The intelligence was immediately communicated to Lord and Lady Charles Wellesley, who occupied adjacent apartments in the Castle, and they at once proceeded to his Grace's chamber, where they remained with him constantly until he breathed his last. In the meantime a groom had been despatched for Mr. Hulke, who arrived at about half-past eight or a quarter to nine. Mr. Hulke found his Grace suffering from an epileptic fit of a rather violent character, somewhat similar to the attack which the Duke experienced several years ago; and no serious apprehensions were at that time entertained as to his safety. Mr. Hulke, therefore, left the Castle for the purpose of preparing some medicines to administer to his Grace, in the hope that they would afford him effectual relief; but, during his absence, the noble Duke grew worse, and it was necessary to send for Dr. Macarthur, of Walmer, his regular medical attendant. Mr. Hulke and his son (who also belongs to the medical profession) speedily returned, when an emetic was administered to the noble patient, but unfortunately without any good result. The Duke's condition gradually became more dangerous; he was seized by a second convulsive fit of greater violence than the first; and the alarm of his son and daughter-in-law, Lord and Lady Charles Wellesley, painfully increased. At this critical emergency a messenger was despatched to the telegraph office at the Deal railway station, for the purpose of immediately summoning Dr. Hume from London to his Grace's assistance. In case Dr. Hume should be absent from town, the message specified that Dr. Ferguson should be next applied to; but, unfortunately, it so happened that both of these eminent physicians were in Scotland when the message reached their residences. This failure having been reported to the noble inmates of the Castle, Lord Clanwilliam (Captain of Deal Castle) recommended that Dr. Williams, of London, should be summoned to Walmer. Dr. Williams was accordingly telegraphed for from Deal; and set off to the South-Eastern railway station at London-bridge, to take the train. He did not reach Deal, however, in time for his services to be of any avail. The noble Duke's state became gradually more perilous; and he suffered a third attack, still more severe than the preceding ones. When the members of his family and his medical attendants spoke to him, he appeared to be conscious that they were addressing him, and attempted to articulate a reply. His answers, however, were not distinct enough to be intelligible; and, indeed, not a syllable that he uttered from the moment when he ordered his apothecary to be sent for, could be understood. About three o'clock he had a fourth and final attack, of redoubled intensity, which rendered him perfectly insensible, and ultimately carried him off at the hour above stated.

The painful intelligence was immediately transmitted by submarine telegraph to his Grace's eldest son, the Marquis of Douro, who is now staying with his family in Germany. It is believed that the noble Marquis is at Frankfurt, since the last communication received from him was dated from that place. Until his arrival, nothing will be decided respecting the interment of the remains of his illustrious and lamented father; but there can be little

doubt that they will, in the first instance, be removed to Apsley House.

The noble Duke had, on the day of his death, an appointment to meet the Countess of Westmoreland at Dover, on her return to Vienna, for the purpose of seeing her on board the packet which was to take her across the Straits to the Continent; but information was conveyed to the Countess at an early hour that illness would prevent his Grace from fulfilling his engagement. The Countess received the intelligence with great concern, and drove over last evening from Dover to Walmer, to ascertain the nature of the noble Duke's ailment, when she learned the sad intelligence that his Grace was no more.

The quiet village of Walmer, and also the adjacent town of Deal, have experienced a most painful sensation at the melancholy event. Yesterday all the shops in both places were partially closed; and the flags at every public building, at Deal Castle, and at various other elevated points, were lowered half-mast high in token of reverence for the memory of the departed. At Dover, likewise, the mournful tidings excited similar manifestations; and from the Castle Keep, from the Admiralty station, the Harbour-house, the Pilot-house, &c., the union-jack drooped, half-struck, as a symbol of public woe.

Seldom has there been witnessed in London such a feeling of regret, save on the death of a Sovereign, as was evinced when the news was circulated that the illustrious Duke was no more. Ships and vessels of all nations, from the large Indiaman or trader to the small coaster or collier, all dropped their colours half-mast high. From the pier-heads of St. Katharine's, London, East and West India Docks, the flags were also dropped, as well as from the numerous large factories and other establishments on the banks of the Thames. The large fleet of steamers belonging to the General Steam Navigation Company were amongst the first to drop their colours from the fore, main, and mizen; and ere the morning had far advanced, scarcely a craft was seen going up or down without displaying the emblem of mourning.

At the Trinity House, on the death of the Master of this Honourable Corporation being communicated to the Elder Brethren, they at once directed the usual partial closing of the establishments on Tower-hill and Deptford, and the hoisting of the colours half-mast high at the Trinity-stores, at Blackwall, and other parts of the coast. A similar mark of respect was exhibited at the different light-houses and ships as soon as the intelligence reached them.

The different offices of the Tower garrison and *dépot* were partially closed on the intelligence being received of the death of his Grace, who for some years had held the important office of Constable of the Tower of London. The bell of St. Peter ad Vincula, the church of the fortress, was tolled at intervals during the day.

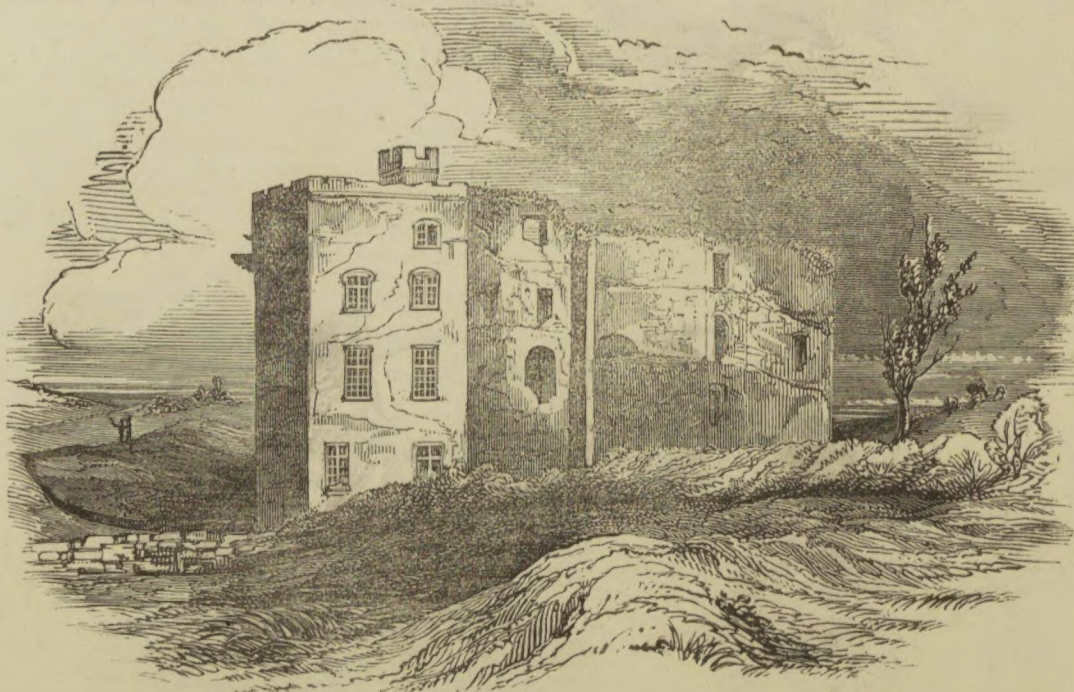
Throughout the provinces the same sensation was produced. At Liverpool and Manchester the tidings caused a general feeling of depression. The flags on the various public buildings were lowered, and the shutters of many of the shops closed, in testimony of respect to the late Duke.

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE AND MILITARY SERVICES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.



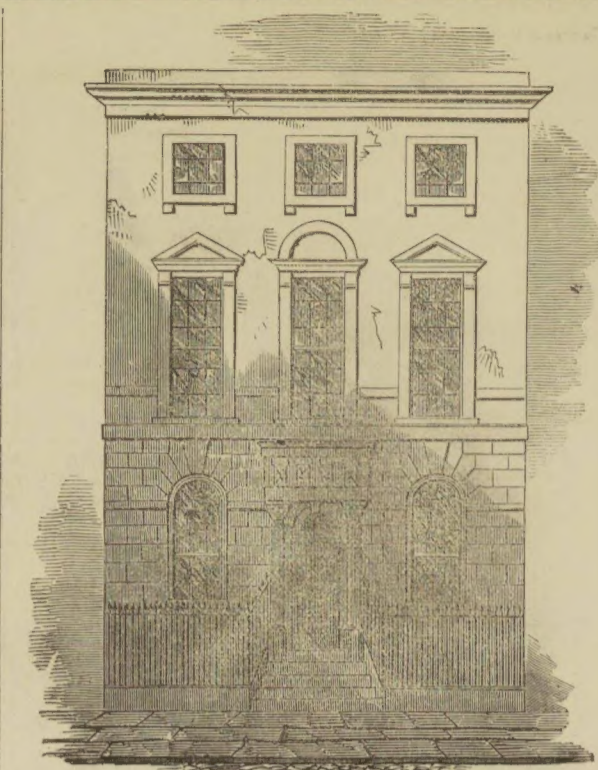
To compress within limited bounds the story of a life filled with incidents, and associated intimately with the closing scenes of the greatest political drama enacted within a century, is certainly a difficult undertaking. Unlike commonplace biographies, where a few startling events have marked an ordinary existence with additional interest, that of the illustrious subject of this memoir would demand far more space than even our columns can afford, to follow, from its first dawning to the zenith of its glory, the unequalled career of the Soldier-Statesman.

Arthur Wellesley, Duke and Marquis of Wellington, Marquis of Douro, Earl of Wellington, of Wellington, in the county of Somerset; Viscount Wellington, of Wellington, and of Talavera; Baron Douro, of Wellesley, in the county of Somerset, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom; Prince of Waterloo, in the Netherlands; Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and a Grande of the first class, in Spain; Duke of Vittoria; Marquis of Torres Vedras and Count of Vimiera, in Portugal; a Knight of the Garter; a Privy Councillor; Commander-in-Chief of the British Army; a Field Marshal in the services of Great Britain, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Portugal, and the Netherlands; Captain-General in Spain; Colonel of the



DANGAN CASTLE, COUNTY MEATH, THE RESIDENCE OF THE MORNINGTON FAMILY.

Grenadier Guards; Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade; G.C.B.; G.C.H.; Knight of the Golden Fleece in Spain; of the Black Eagle in Prussia; of the Tower and Sword in Portugal; of the Sword in Sweden; of St. Andrew, in Russia; of Maria-Theresa, in Austria; of the Elephant of Denmark; and of many minor orders: Constable of the Tower, and of Dover Castle; Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports; Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire, and of the Tower Hamlets; Ranger of St. James's, the Green, and Hyde Parks; Chancellor of the University of Oxford; Commissioner of the Royal Military College and Asylum; Vice-President of the Scottish, Naval and Military Academy; Master of the Trinity House; a Governor of King's College, and of the Charterhouse; a Trustee of the Hanoverian Museum; and a D.C.L.—such were the names, and such the titles of one



BIRTHPLACE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, 114, GRAFTON-STREET, DUBLIN.

whose accumulated honours sink before the single designation "Wellington."

The illustrious Duke was fourth son (an elder brother of his own name had died in infancy) of Garrett, second Baron and first Earl of Mornington, by Anne, eldest daughter of Arthur Hill, Viscount Dungannon. Some doubt has arisen as to the actual place of the Duke's birth, but it now seems certain that he was born in St. Andrew's parish, in Dublin, at the Earl of Mornington's residence, Mornington House, No. 114, Grafton-street, now the Royal Irish Academy, opposite the Provost's dwelling, Trinity College. Mr. Montgomery Martin states that the fact was so told him by the Duke's brother, the late Marquis Wellesley. Another received opinion assigns the honour to the now crumbling ruins of a venerable pile, Dangan Castle, in Meath, the home of the Duke's childhood.*

The date of the birth of Wellington has also been the subject of misapprehension, even on the part of the late Colonel Gurwood, the editor of his Grace's "Despatches." In the registry of St. Peter's parish, Dublin, the entry of his Grace's baptism has been lately found, which proves him to be a day, if not more, older than he is thought to have been. The entry is:—

"1769. April 30.—Arthur, son of the Right Hon. Earl and Countess of Mornington. Baptized."

And immediately beneath is the attesting signature of "Isaac Mann, Archdeacon." Dr. Mann was consecrated Bishop of Cork and Ross in 1772, and occupied that see until his death, in 1789.

The paternal ancestors of the Duke of Wellington were the Colleys, of Castle Carbery, founded in Ireland by Walter Cowley, Solicitor-General of Ireland in 1537, whose elder son and heir, Sir Henry Colley, of Castle Carbery, was a Captain in the army of Queen Elizabeth, and a Privy Councillor in Ireland. He married Catherine, daughter of Sir Thomas Cusack, the Lord Chancellor, and had two sons, Sir George Colley, of Edenderry, and Sir Henry Colley, of Castle Carbery, Seneschal of the King's County, and Constable of the Fort of Philipstown. From Sir Henry, the Duke of Wellington was sixth, in a direct line. His Grace was not in any way descended from the Wesleys. The name of Wesley was first adopted by his grandfather, Richard Colley, Esq. (afterwards first Lord Mornington), in 1728, on succeeding, by bequest, to the estates of Garrett Wesley, Esq., of Dangan, M.P. for Meath, whose mother was a Colley. As "Arthur Wesley," the Duke obtained his first commission; and it was not until 1797 that the spelling of the name was changed to Wellesley by the late Lord Wellesley, on his Lordship being created a Marquis.

The father of the Duke of Wellington, as just stated, was Garrett, first Earl of Mornington. This nobleman married, 6th of February, 1759, Anne, eldest daughter of Arthur, Viscount Dungannon, and died on the 22d of May, 1781, at Kensington, leaving a family of five sons and one daughter, viz. Richard, second Earl of Mornington, since Marquis Wellesley, who died the 26th September, 1842; William, successor to his brother as third Earl of Mornington, who died in 1845 (leaving a son, William, now Earl of Mornington, and head of the family); Arthur, Duke of Wellington; Gerald Valerian, D.D., Prebendary of Durham, who died October 24, 1848; Henry, Lord Cowley, who died the 27th of

* Dangan Castle is situated within two miles of the village of Summerhill

in the parish of Larracor (memorable from its recollections of Swift), and is distant seven or eight miles from Dublin, in a north-west direction. A ruin itself, it stands in the centre of a once fruitful but now deserted demesne, that has been completely "cleared" by the woodman's axe. Close at hand is the basin of a drained lake. Of the castle the mere shell is standing, in a portion of which a straw-thatched peasant's hut has been erected. Dangan was anciently a fortress of the Fitz Eustaces, Lords of the castle, and was probably founded early in the fourteenth century by one of that family. From them it passed to the Earls of Kildare, and from them, through the Plunkets (Lords Killeen) to the Wesleys or Forleys, whose name of Wesley devolved on the ancestors of the illustrious warrior, our present theme. The Marquis Wellesley sold Dangan to Colonel Burrows, by whom it was leased to Mr. Roger O'Connor (father of Feargus O'Connor), during whose tenancy the whole building was dismantled by conflagration. No attempt has been made to rebuild or restore it.

April, 1847; and Anne, married, first, to the Hon. Henry Fitzroy, and, secondly, to Charles Culling Smith, Esq.: she died the 16th December, 1844.

The Duke's father was poor—and, on his death, the Earl of Mornington's estates were found to be heavily encumbered. His eldest son, the late Marquis Wellesley, correctly appreciating the value of his excellent mother, confided the management of the property to her care, and at once assumed the payment of his father's debts—an act, on his part, most honourable, because it was entirely discretionary.

"Between the illustrious brothers of the house of Mornington, had any speculation on the future career of both, how erroneous would have been the conclusions! At his first school, Wellesley gave certain promises of a distinguished manhood; Wellington did not; and yet how easily can this be reconciled! The taste and fancy that afterwards produced the senator, were germane to the classic forms of Eton; while those mental properties which alone can constitute the soldier, like metal in a mine, lay dormant until time betrayed the ore, and circumstances elicited its brilliancy.

"That Wellington, beyond a fair and creditable proficiency, exhibited no marked superiority at Angiers, is acknowledged; while Napoleon, his contemporary, at Brienne, displayed martial propensities, in everything connected with his studies or his sports."

On the 7th of March, 1787, Arthur Wellesley obtained his first commission, being gazetted to an Ensigny in the 73rd Regiment; and, on the 25th of the following December, he was promoted to a Lieutenantcy in the 76th. In the succeeding month, he exchanged into the 41st; and, on the 25th of June, was appointed to the 12th Light Dragoons. On the 30th of June, 1791, he was promoted to a Company in the 58th Foot; and, on the 31st of October, 1792, obtained a troop in the 18th Light Dragoons.

At the general election, which occurred during the summer of 1790, Captain Wellesley was returned to the Irish Parliament for Trim, a borough whose patronage belonged to the house of Mornington. His personal exterior must have been very different from what those who have only seen him in his after life would imagine. Sir Jonah Barrington describes him as "ruddy-faced and juvenile in appearance;" adding, "that he was popular among the young men of his age and station;" and, alluding to his parliamentary *début*, he observes, "his address was unpolished; he spoke occasionally, and never with success; and evinced no promise of that unparalleled celebrity which afterwards he reached."

Soon after he had obtained a seat in Parliament, Captain Wellesley was placed as *aide-de-camp* upon the staff of the Earl of Westmoreland, the Viceroy of Ireland; and his professional career was also steadily progressive.

At this period the war of the Revolution was raging, and the Republican armies had been increased to nearly half a million of men. The extraordinary success which attended these raw and undisciplined levies roused the energies of Britain, and compelled her to prepare herself for a contest on which, not only her liberties, but her existence as an empire, were dependent.

The best means to interrupt this victorious march of Democratic power and principle on the Continent, the British Government decided would be by creating a political re-action in France itself, and, by a powerful demonstration from abroad, re-ignite the smouldering flame of Royalty, which it was believed existed extensively, although it still continued dormant. To effect this object, a landing on the coast of Brittany was proposed, an expedition promptly fitted out, and the Earl of Moira appointed to the chief command.

Among other regiments that received orders of readiness for the coast of France, the 33rd was included. "Ardent as Lieutenant Colonel Wellesley was for an opportunity of meeting an enemy in the field, and that too in the command of a battalion, one cause alloyed his satisfaction, and occasioned him painful uneasiness. His circumstances were embarrassed—he wanted means to discharge his debts, and he determined not to quit the country and leave unsatisfied creditors. It is true, that his parliamentary privilege secured him from personal annoyance; but to have obligations he was unable to discharge, to one of his sensitive feelings, was intolerable. One course only was left, and without hesitation he adopted it. He called upon a gentleman with whom he had extensive dealings—Mr. Thomas Dillon—enumerated his debts, stated his inability to pay them, and proposed to allocate the whole of his disposable income for their discharge, so that they might be liquidated by degrees. The honourable proposition was accepted, and a power of attorney left with Mr. Dillon; that gentleman accepting a trust which he continued to hold until the last shilling of Colonel Wellesley's liabilities was discharged. Adversity tests principles severely. A man exempted from financial inconveniences can only conjecture how far his firmness would have enabled him to overcome, with scanty resources, a large amount of pecuniary embarrassment. Yet, he who was indebted to a tradesman for assistance, and by a rigid limitation of his personal expenses was enabled to pay off his debts, lived to be possessor of a princely income after, by the integrity of his name alone, supporting an army in the field, when his military chest was almost left without a guinea."

The intended descent on Brittany, however, was abandoned—the Duke of York's unsuccessful operations in the Netherlands obliging the Government to change the destination of the expedition; and, instead of proceeding direct to the coast of France, the troops were landed at Ostend.

The history of that unfortunate campaign we must pass over, and confine ourselves merely to the first affairs, in which Lieutenant Colonel Wellesley had an opportunity afforded him, of displaying his ability in command of a battalion.

In an intended attack on the Republican army, immediately after clearing the village of Schynel, the mounted pickets of the enemy were observed, drawn up upon a plain of considerable extent, skirted by a thick grove of fir-trees. The English Dragoons advanced to drive them in, supported by two regiments of Guards, with the 33rd and 44th; the 12th and 42nd being held by Abercrombie in reserve. The French Hussars retired leisurely, and the British as boldly advanced, until the opening of a numerous artillery, which the Republicans had masked within the fir-wood, betrayed the immediate presence of the enemy in force, and, of course, rendered it necessary on the part of the assailants to fall back on their reserves. At first, the regressive movement was steadily effected; but, as the ground became more difficult, and the road narrowed, the light cavalry got mobbed with a household battalion, and the whole were thrown into confusion. The French Hussars advanced to charge, and, for a minute, the situation of the embarrassed troops was most alarming. Perceiving the disorder, Colonel Wellesley deployed the 33rd into line, immediately in rear of the household troops: opening his centre files, he permitted the broken cavalry to retire, and then closing up his ranks, occupied the road, and held the enemy in check. The French advanced with their usual confidence, and the 33rd, reserving their fire, waited coolly until the enemy were forming for a charge. At that moment the regiment received their Colonel's order, and delivered a close and searching volley, that fell with murderous effect in: the crowded ranks of the Republicans; and the rapid and well-directed fusillade which was kept up, completed the enemy's repulse. In turn, the French were obliged to fall back in confusion; and the English retreat was accomplished without any further molestation, excepting a slight cannonade, that, from its distance, was ineffective.

Again, when the Republicans advanced suddenly on Meteren—held as an advanced post by the 33rd Regiment, a squadron of Hussars, and a couple of guns—Colonel Wellesley highly distinguished himself.

Obliged to fall back for support upon the British lines, the impetuosity with which the Republicans came on, at first, bore down all opposition, and, for a moment, they obtained possession of the guns; but the remainder of the 33rd coming opportunely to his assistance, Colonel Wellesley was enabled to charge into the village, repulse the enemy, and retake the cannon; and, although pressed closely by the Infantry, and threatened by the Hussars, he succeeded, with trifling loss, in retiring upon the post of Geldersdalen, where, with the 42nd and 78th Highlanders, the 33rd maintained themselves, although efforts were repeatedly made by the Republicans, with fresh troops, to carry the place. Night ended the contest, and the French abandoned the attack, after sustaining a severe repulse from a force in every arm their inferior.

We have noticed at some length the first affairs in which Colonel Wellesley's talents were called into action. The school of war generally imposes a rough ordeal on the soldier, and the career of "the Great Captain of the Age" commenced under circumstances anything but encouraging to the military aspirant. The campaign in the Low Countries was marked by continued disasters—in the steps of the raw levies of the Republic, victory

appeared to tread, and the military character of Britain had reached its lowest point.

In this season of defeat, could Wellesley have imagined that, in the zenith of their fame, it was reserved for him to stay that career of conquest, and win from the victors of an hundred fields, the laurels they had so profusely gathered? Such, however, was the case; and the commander of the worn-out rear guard in Holland, was destined to direct the closing charge at Waterloo!

"Between Napoleon and Wellington many circumstances of early life are strongly coincident: their birth in the same year—their education at the same schools—and the commencement of their military career—were nearly contemporaneous. The influence which each had on the fortunes of each other would be a curious speculation. What might have been the present state of Europe, had Napoleon perished a nameless man, in tracing out his first battery at Toulon; or Wellington as ignobly died, the leader of a broken host, among the swamps and dykes of Holland?"

After the army had returned to England, and the 33rd had been rendered fit for service, an order was issued for the regiment to embark for the West Indies; subsequently its destination was changed; and in the April of 1796, the 33rd sailed for India, and, after a stop at the Cape of Good Hope, reached Calcutta early in the following February.

That Colonel Wellesley commenced his Indian career under most favourable auspices, may be inferred from his brother (Lord Mornington) having been selected to the Chief Government. The appointment was a proud but a dangerous distinction, for there never was a period in the history of Britain when her salvation rested so entirely on the firmness and sound judgment of her Executive. Embroiled with half the Continent—still writhing under the loss of America—anarchy spreading rapidly abroad—sedition working busily at home—her colonies everywhere endangered; all these, in themselves, sufficiently alarming, sank before one mightier dread; and that was occasioned by the precarious situation in which her eastern dominions were placed. Tippoo Sultan was endeavouring to influence Zemaun Schaw to make a diversion on the northern frontier of the English territory, and pressing the Mahratta Powers to join the league, and make common cause against the British. Scindiah was notoriously devoted to the French; and, of course, the Court of Deccan was unfriendly. The Rajah of Berar was more than suspected of disaffection; and Holkar, if not a declared enemy, could not be regarded as a friend. But, although that the British interests in India were threatened on many points, the great cause of alarm centred in the Capital of Mysore. The Sultan was a deadly and a dangerous enemy. Taught from a child to detest the English, he seemed to have inherited, with the Musnud, his father's hatred of the British name. The war which Hyder had commenced, Tippoo continued, until, deprived of foreign assistance by the Treaty of Paris, he was obliged to accept terms which he had formerly declined—but the splendid success that attended the invasion of the Mysore, in 1752, while it reduced his resources one-half, confirmed him in an undying antipathy to the conquerors.

The Sultan continued to pursue his usual duplicity in negotiation with the Governor-General, while at the same moment he was actually in correspondence with Buonaparte at Cairo. But his designs had been long since penetrated. The season, in which operations in the Mysore country should commence, had already set in. No reply whatever had been vouchsafed to the last letter of Lord Mornington, and as the reduction of Seringapatam had been determined upon, the failure of Lord Cornwallis in 1791, from the sudden rising of the Cauvery, induced the Governor-General to take a decisive step, and issue a declaration of war. This was accordingly done, on the 22nd of February, 1799.

On the advance of the grand army towards his capital, Tippoo Sultan endeavoured to impede the progress of the invaders, and on the 6th of April, made an unexpected attack on an advanced brigade at Sadaseer, but was severely repulsed.

Near Mallavilly, on the 27th of March, the Mysore army were discovered in position—an action ensued—and Tippoo was again defeated. On this occasion the 33rd regiment behaved with its usual gallantry. Among the Mysore troops the Kerim Cutcherie, the Sultan's favourite cushion, was particularly distinguished. Coming boldly forward, and advancing in excellent order, it halted in front of the 33rd, and coolly delivered its fire. The volley was returned with effect, and Colonel Wellesley's regiment lowered their bayonets and advanced. This imposing movement European troops have rarely withstood—Asiatic never. The Mussulmans wavered broke, and turned, while Floyd's cavalry dashed into their disordered ranks, and accomplished with the sabre what the bayonet would have inevitably effected.

On the evening of the 1st of April, the allied army halted within four leagues of Seringapatam, the Sultan falling back upon the fortress, and contenting himself with annoying the pickets with musketry and rockets, from broken ground on which he had formed a strong line of posts in front of the city. The annoyance was severely felt, and it was deemed advisable to dislodge the enemy from the enclosures.

The command of the troops was given to Colonel Wellesley; and the 33rd and 2nd Bengal regiments, with the 12th and two battalions of sepoys, under Colonel Shaw, assembled at nightfall, and advanced, the one against the tope, and the other to seize the aqueduct and ruined village. Both these services were partially achieved; Colonel Shaw carried and held the village, and Colonel Wellesley forced the enclosure of the tope. The enemy, anticipating the attack, had, however, strengthened their posts, and immediately opened a tremendous fire of musketry and rockets. The night was extremely dark; and the interior of the tope everywhere intersected with canals for irrigating the betel plants, confused the assailants, and in the deep obscurity rendered any advance impracticable. No alternative was left but to retire the troops, and remove them out of fire. Unfortunately, twelve of the grenadier company of the 33rd lost their way, and were made prisoners; and Colonel Wellesley, who was far advanced in the tope, was struck on the knee by a spent ball, and narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the enemy, having wandered for several hours in the darkness before he could regain the camp.

We allude to this affair the more particularly, because the true causes of the attack not having proved successful, were neither fully understood nor fairly represented. The failure at Sultaun-pet, however, had one useful result; for it decided—had any doubt existed—the time on which the assault upon the city should be given. Had Seringapatam being assailed at night, it would, in all human probability, have turned out a sanguinary failure—and the reduction of Asseerghur, and the storm of Bhurtpoor, proved afterwards how desperately an Indian fortress can be defended.

The next morning the attack was renewed in broad daylight, and on this occasion Colonel Wellesley was successful, and the enemy were deformed, with loss. A few days afterwards Seringapatam was carried by assault, its truculent master perishing, as he so well deserved, in the *melee*, among a crowd of slaughtered Mussulmans.

We may remark, *en passant*, that the capital of Mysore fell through the stupid folly of Asiatic pride. Tippoo's eternal phrase was, "Who shall take Seringapatam?" "Obstinate to all advice, he took no means to construct interior defences; and, had he been counselled by Meer Ghoffar and his French engineers, and showed himself less a fatalist, and more a soldier, removed his scaffolding, and retrenched the breach, the assault upon the city, on the 4th, could never have succeeded, and the reduction of Seringapatam would have cost more blood than Badajos, Rodrigo, or San Sebastian."

PARTITION OF THE CONQUERED DISTRICT.—COMMAND IN THE MYSORE.

After the capture of the city, a Commission, of which Colonel Wellesley was a member, was nominated by the Governor-General, to partition the conquered districts among the allies, according to a pre-existing treaty, and appoint a successor to the vacant Musnud. With the inauguration of the youthful Rajah, the labours of the Commission terminated, and Colonel Wellesley resumed the command in the Mysore, to which he had been officially gazetted, on the 11th of September, 1799.

Here, the conciliatory system adopted towards the vanquished gradually removed the prejudices and dislike they had at first evinced towards the conquerors. Colonel Wellesley's active superintendence, discernment, impartiality, and decision, in the arduous and important duties of the civil, as well as the military administration of his command, were such as to have fully warranted his brother's judicious selection, and deserved and obtained the gratitude of the conquered people.

The Mysore, with the exception of the eastern districts, had been generally pacified, and all bore the semblance of returning tranquillity, when, suddenly, the quiet of the country was interrupted, and the romantic appearance of a singular individual caused an alarm, as serious as it had been unexpected.

On the capture of Seringapatam, several prisoners were found in the dungeons of Tippoo Sultan—a brother of his own amongst the number—and they were at once liberated, without any inquiry being made as to the causes of their incarceration. One of the captives thus delivered from a hopeless bondage—for such, dependant on a tyrant's caprice, has commonly proved—was a Mahratta trooper, called Dhoondiah Waugh. He was a nameless man, one who had entered the service of Hyder, deserted at his death, became a freebooter, committed sundry depredations in the Mysore, was fool enough to listen to the false promises of Tippoo, returned, was employed, suspected, imprisoned, made a Mussulman, and then left to perish in irons and a dungeon, by the greater ruffian of the twain. At the capture of the fortress, his fetters were stricken off, and Dhoondiah lost no time in leaving the capital of the Mysore "many a coss behind him."

In a disbanded army there were many spirits like himself, and Dhoondiah Waugh found no difficulty in recruiting a numerous troop. He had already gained a robber-reputation—generally a first step in Eastern history to the foundation of a throne. Dhoondiah was a bold and dangerous adventurer; cruel, sordid, crafty, with great personal courage, and some little military skill. In a very short time the number of his banditti had increased to an extent that rendered this daring marauder more to be dreaded than despised.

DHOONDIAH WAUGH.

Among the first of the freebooter's exploits, was an incursion into the Bednore Province, from which he levied heavy contributions and accompanied robbery by every species of savage cruelty. Dhoondiah Waugh, who had elevated himself to the throne under the unpretending title of "King of the Two Worlds," in a brief space made himself master of several towns and hill forts, while crowds of disbanded soldiers flocked to the standard of the daring adventurer. At last it became imperative on the British Commander to crush "The King," and Colonels Stevenson and Dalrymple marched in pursuit of him on the 21st of July.

The expedition was successful, and a part of the marauders were overtaken and cut to pieces. Dhoondiah with difficulty escaped, and crossing the Mahratta frontier, which the English generals respected, the freebooter calculated on being permitted to remain in security there. But here he was assailed by Gooklah, a commander of the Peshwah; his followers dispersed, his guns, elephants, and bullocks captured; himself escaping by flight to the mountains, attended by a handful of banditti. Of what had afterwards befallen the defeated monarch, nothing for a time was known, and the general belief was, that the King of Two Worlds, had taken his departure to a third one.

Nearly a year elapsed—the Mysore was tolerably quiet, and, anxious to achieve its pacification, Colonel Wellesley declined an overture made him by his brother, of taking a joint command of an expedition preparing to attack the Dutch possessions in Batavia. At this period the Mysore was startled by the sudden intelligence that Dhoondiah Waugh had re-appeared in strength more formidable than ever, and in conduct and design, even more audacious than before he had been defeated on the Timboodra.

It was full time for the Commandant of the Mysore to turn his serious attention to the marauder, for one of his intended operations was to surprise Colonel Wellesley while hunting. His old antagonist, Gooklah, had attacked him, and been defeated; and Dhoondiah, every hour, was becoming more formidable. Accordingly, preparations were made to "kill and not scotch the snake," and, with a sufficient force, Colonel Wellesley proceeded to arrest the career of an adventurer, which, if suffered to proceed unchecked, might prove dangerous to a country but partially tranquillised, like the Mysore provinces.

Passing over the successful operations by which Dhoondiah's camp was surprised, and all that it contained taken, by the allied Cavalry, we shall come to the final affair which closed the history of this daring brigand, and left the Throne of Two Worlds without a successor. A letter addressed to Major Munro, by Colonel Wellesley, details the particulars; and the light and sketchy style then adopted by the Great Captain, forms a striking contrast to the terse and laconic character of his correspondence in after life. The letter is dated—

"Camp at Yepulpur, Sept. 11, 1800.

"I have the pleasure to inform you that I gained a complete victory yesterday, in an action with Dhoondiah's army, in which he was killed. His body was recognised, and was brought into camp on a gun attached to the 19th Dragoons. After I had crossed the Malpoorba, it appeared to me very clear that if I pressed upon the King of the Two Worlds with my whole force, on the northern side of the Doab, his Majesty would either cross the Toombuddra with the aid of the Patan chiefs, and would then enter Mysore, or he would return in Savanore, and play the devil with my peaceable communications. I therefore determined, at all events, to prevent his Majesty from putting those designs into execution; and I marched with my army into Kauagherry. I sent Stevenson towards Deedroog, and along the Kistna, to prevent him sending guns and baggage to his ally, the Rajah of Soorapoor; and I pushed forward the whole of the Mahratta and Mogul cavalry in one body between Stevenson's corps and mine.

"I marched from Kauagherry on the 8th, left my infantry at Nowly, and proceeded on with the cavalry only; and I arrived here on the 9th, the infantry at Chinnor about fifteen miles in my rear.

"The King of the World broke up on the 9th from Malgherry, about 25 miles on this side of the Raichore, and proceeded towards the Kistna; but he saw Colonel Stevenson's camp, returned immediately, and encamped on that evening about nine miles from hence, between this place and Burmo. I had early intelligence of his situation, but the night was so bad and my horses so fatigued that I could not move. After a most anxious night I marched in the morning, and met the King of the World with his army, about 5000 horse, at a village near Canahgull, about six miles from hence. He had not known of my being so near him in the night—had thought that I was at Chinnor, and was marching to the westward, with the intention of passing between the Mahratta and Mogul cavalry and me. He drew up, however, in a very strong position as soon as he perceived me; and the victorious army stood for some time with apparent firmness. I charged them with the 19th and 25th Dragoons, and the 1st and 2nd Regiments of Cavalry, and drove them before me till they dispersed, and were scattered over the face of the country. I then returned and attacked the Royal camp, and got possession of elephants, camels, baggage, &c. &c., which were still upon the ground. The Mogul and Mahratta cavalry came up about eleven o'clock, and they have been employed ever since in the pursuit and destruction of the scattered fragments of the victorious army.

"Thus has ended this warfare; and I shall commence my march in a day or two towards my own country. An honest Killadar of Chinnor had written to the King of the World by a regular tappal, established for the purpose of giving him intelligence, that I was to be at Nowly on the 8th, and at Chinnor on the 9th. His Majesty was misled by this information, and was nearer me than he expected. The honest Killadare did all he could to detain me at Chinnor, but I was not to be prevailed upon to stop; and even went so far as to threaten to hang a great man sent to show me a good road to a different place. My own and the Mahratta cavalry afterwards prevented any communication between his Majesty and the Killadar."

A circumstance most creditable to the humanity of the victor deserves to be recorded. When the baggage of the freebooter was overtaken, a beautiful boy of four years old was found and brought to Colonel Wellesley's tent. His name was Sulabuth Khan, and he proved to be the favourite son of Dhoondiah. Not only did Colonel Wellesley afford him protection to the orphan, but, on leaving the East for Europe, he deposited a large sum of money with Colonel Symonds to defray the expenses of his future maintenance and education. Sulabuth grew up a handsome and intelligent youth, was placed in the service of the Rajah of Mysore, and there he continued till his death.

APPOINTMENT AT TRINCOMALEE.

In the meanwhile, the attempt on the Dutch possessions was abandoned; and Colonel Wellesley was appointed to a new appointment at Trincomalee, from which place, however, he removed the troops to Bombay. The Governor-General pressed his brother to accept a command under David



BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

Baird, of the army directed to reach Egypt through the Desert; but fever prevented him from accompanying the expedition, and subsequently he was re-appointed to the Government of the Mysore.

It is said that Colonel Wellesley painfully regretted the untoward event which prevented him from accompanying the Egyptian expedition. When he did, the page of destiny was closed; and he little dreamed of that brilliant career which lay immediately before him. The tranquillity of the East was overclouded again—a formidable hostility to British interests had been gain-

ing strength among the Mahrattas, and India was once more hurrying to the customary termination of Oriental diplomacy—an appeal to the sword.

INVASION OF THE MAHRATTA COUNTRY.

The progress of Indian intrigue, which led to subsequent hostilities, must be hastily passed. Lord Mornington decided on invading the Mahratta country; and on the 20th of April, 1802, Colonel Wellesley had been gazetted

a Major-General, and was appointed by Lord Mornington to the command of a division, which was intended to form an advanced corps to the army of Madras, then on its march towards the banks of the Toombuddra.

By extraordinary exertions, General Wellesley reached Poonah. On the 13th of May, the Peshwah entered the capital, and it was hoped that Scindiah would return quietly to his own country. This hope was vain; Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, who were together in the field, made a menacing movement towards the frontier of our ally, the Nizam. Information was also received of a secret and active correspondence between Scindiah and Holkar; and it was privately known that a league hostile to the British was on the eve of being concluded.

Scindiah, having been required to retire behind the Nerbudda, and separate his troops from those of the Rajah of Berar, evaded the demand, under the usual pleas used in Eastern diplomacy. General Wellesley, who only waited the conclusion of the negotiation, on learning that the envoy, Colonel Collins, had quitted Scindiah's camp, instantly took the offensive, and advanced upon Ahmednuggur.

This fortress is one of the strongest in India, built of solid stone and chunam, surrounded by a deep dry ditch, with large circular bastions at short intervals, and armed with three or four guns in casemated embrasures, with a terrace above, and loop holes for musketry. The bastions are usually lofty; the curtains short and low, with loop-holes in their narrow ramparts for musketry. The guns (some sixty pieces) upon the bastions were numerous, ranging in their calibre from twelves to fifty-twos; but the casemates were too confined to allow their being effectively employed. The glacis was so abrupt as to cover nearly thirty feet of the walls, affording shelter for an enemy, if they could only get close to the place.

This formidable place of arms was carried by assault in the most gallant style imaginable—and on the 12th, the surrender of the fort followed that of the city. The reduction of such a place was certainly a most gallant exploit, and "Gookiah, a Mahratta chief, residing in our camp," says Colonel Nichols, "with a body of horse, wrote thus to his friends at Poonah—'These English are a strange people, and their General a wonderful man. They came here in the morning, looked at the Pettah walls, walked over it, killed all the garrison, and returned to breakfast! What can withstand them?'"

General Wellesley continued his operations. On the 26th he was reinforced by the first battalion of the 10th regiment under Major Dallas, who had escorted safely from Bellary, two thousand bullocks loaded with supplies, with three lacs of pagodas, for the use of the army. The march had been made in nineteen days without a halt; and the opportune arrival of the

convoy enabled the English General to continue his advance towards Aurungabad, which place he entered without opposition on the 29th.

Scindiah, on finding that Aurungabad had fallen, made a movement, as



SPANISH GUERRILLAS.



THE STORMING OF BADAJOZ.



PASSAGE OF THE DOURO.

if to threaten Hyderabad; and, for the double purpose of protecting that city and securing large convoys on their route to join his army, General Wellesley, by marching on the eastern bank of the Godavery, effected these important objects. Colonel Stevenson was also actively employed. He carried the fort of Jaulna by assault; and, by a night attack, dispersed a considerable body of the enemy. Hitherto the confederated chiefs had only hung upon the flanks of the English, with an immense cavalry force, supported by an inconsiderable body of matchlock men; but now they were joined by sixteen battalions of regular infantry, and a train of artillery, amounting nearly to one hundred guns; the whole *corps d'armée*, at a moderate computation, exceeding fifty thousand fighting men.

The confederates had encamped at Boherdun, and it was determined that the corps under General Wellesley and Colonel Stevenson should make a combined attack upon them without delay. Two routes, running east and west, led through the hill country between Budnapoor and Jalna; and as the defiles were narrow and difficult, it was arranged that Stevenson should move by the western, and Wellesley by the eastern line, and then, with united forces, fall upon Scindiah and his confederates.

BATTLE OF ASSAYE.

The position of the allied chiefs extended from Boherdun to the village of Assaye, having the Kaitna in their front; and, from the steepness of its banks, that river was impassable to carriages, except at the fords of Peepulgaon and Warsoor. Nothing could be more picturesque than the appearance of the Marhatta camp—nothing more imposing than the multitudinous force, drawn up in order of battle. “The sight was enough to appal the stoutest heart.” Thirty thousand horse, in one magnificent mass, crowded the right; a dense array of infantry, powerfully supported by artillery, formed the centre and the left; the gunners were beside their pieces, and a hundred pieces of cannon in front of the line, stood ready to vomit forth death upon the assailants. Wellesley paused for a moment, impressed, but not daunted, by the sight. His whole force, as Colonel Stevenson had not come up, did not exceed eight thousand men, of whom sixteen hundred were cavalry; the effective native British were not above fifteen hundred and he had only seventeen pieces of cannon.

On a rapid reconnaissance, General Wellesley, with excellent judgment, changed his design of attacking the right of the Marhatta army, and determined to fall on its left, which was entirely composed of infantry. The decision was correct. Scindiah's left was formed on a flat peninsula, between the Kaitna and the Juah—the surface was inconsiderable—the enormous cavalry masses had no room to act; and, moving by his left, the English General forded the river at Peepulgaon and deployed his infantry, under a heavy fire of the enemy's artillery.

“The order of battle being thus skilfully changed, the infantry of Scindiah was compelled to present a new front—and they done so with greater ease than was expected. The line they now formed reached with its right up to the Kaitna, and its left rested upon the village of Assaye, on the Juah. The front now presented by the enemy was one vast battery, especially towards the left—so numerous and weighty were the guns, and so thickly were they disposed near the village. The fire was rapid, furious, and terrible in execution; the British guns, few in number, opened as the line advanced but were almost on the instant silenced. Their gunners dropped fast, and the cattle fell killed or lacerated beside them. With the fierceness of the struggle, and the fearfulness of the hazard, the undaunted spirit of the General rose. He at once abandoned the guns, and directed an advance with the bayonet. With the main body, he soon forced and drove the enemy's right, possessing himself of their guns by a resolute charge.”

To support this daring movement, the 74th Regiment pressed onward, crossing a space of ground swept like a glacié by the fire of the Marhatta cannon: and although this weak battalion lost men by twenties, still its forward

movement was continued; and, though the line was severed in many places by showers of grape, it never receded a single inch, but still maintained its ground.

Perceiving its disorder, a cloud of Marhatta horsemen stole round the enclosures of Assaye unperceived, and charged furiously into ranks already half destroyed. The moment was most critical. The Mussulman sabres were crossing the bayonets of the 74th, and “feeble and few, but fearless still,” that gallant regiment was desperately resisting. “Colonel Maxwell, who had watched the progress of the fight, saw that the moment for action had arrived. The word was given—the British cavalry charged home. Down went the Marhattas in hundreds, beneath the fiery assault of the brave 19th, and their gallant supporters, the Sepoys; while, unchecked by a tremendous storm of grape and musketry, Maxwell pressed his advantage, and cut through Scindiah's left. The 74th and the Light Infantry rallied, reformed, pushed boldly on, and the second line coming forward to their support, completed the disorder of the enemy, and prevented any effective attempt to renew a battle, the doubtful result of which, was thus in a few minutes decided by the promptitude of that well directed charge.”

Any subsequent attempts to retrieve the battle by Scindiah were unavailing. The 78th, which had been kept in hand, stormed the village; and Maxwell's cavalry, who had re-formed their ranks, dashed through the broken infantry of the Marhattas, while it was endeavouring to form on a fresh column; and the whole, reduced to a mingled mob of all arms, were hurried in wild confusion from the field. “Never was a rout more complete. The sun, at noon, had shone on a proud array of fifty thousand men, drawn up in perfect order; he set upon a broken host, flying in dispersed bodies from a field on which the whole *matériel* of an army had been abandoned.”

It has been asserted that General Wellesley was blameable in hazarding an action with such enormous force, and without the assistance of the remainder of his troops, who were advancing under Colonel Stevenson; but, everything considered, the course he adopted, bold as it may appear, presented the best chances of proving ultimately successful. General Wellesley was deceived by his Hircarrahs; and, instead of the enemy being twelve miles distant at Boherdun, by the extension of their line eastward, they were within six miles of him at Assaye. It was only, and when in the presence of the enemy, that the mistake in his information was discovered; and had he then attempted to retire upon Naulliah, he must have fallen back exposed to the cavalry, and thus sustained a considerable loss, besides endangering his baggage, which was but weakly guarded. It is true that, when relative numbers are considered, Wellesley, becoming assailant at Assaye, looks like an act of temerity difficult to justify; but, situated as he was, “the most audacious course was, in such circumstances, the most prudent;” and if the report of the prisoners could be believed, an engagement



WA ERLOO.—THE CHATEAU OF HOEGHMOET

was inevitable, for Scindiah had determined on attacking, when he earned that Stevenson had been detached, and that, consequently, he should have but half his enemies to encounter.

LAKE'S VICTORIES.

The success of the British arms was not at this time confined to the Deccan. Lord Lake's brilliant campaign in the north of India, annihilated the French power on the Jumna, and crushed the influence Scindiah had acquired over the native princes, and which he had both inclination and ability to have turned to mischievous account. The brilliant succession of Lake's victories would require a history for themselves—the defeat of Perron—the storm of Allighur—the capture of Delhi and Agra—and the crowning triumph at Laswarree, formed an uninterrupted tide of conquest, which seldom has marked the good fortune of an individual. In Cattaek, Colonel Harcourt was eminently successful; while Colonel Woodington, with the Bombay army, added Gujerat to the British possessions in the Indies.

While these fortunate operations were in progress elsewhere, Wellesley had detached Stevenson's division to harass the scattered *debris* of the once magnificent army of Scindiah, and reduce the fortresses of Burhampoor and Asseeghur. On the 8th October, 1803, Wellesley moved his army in the direction of Aurgabad; but intelligence which he received at Phool-murry, determined him to move down the Ghaut, and unite with Stevenson, who had reduced the fortresses against which he had been detached.

Believing that Scindiah had been so severely defeated, that, for a time, he would be rendered incapable of taking a formidable attitude in the field, General Wellesley selected the Rajah of Berar as the object he should strike at.

Having clearly ascertained that the Rajah's route tended to the banks of the Godavery, Wellesley pushed his corps through the Adjuttee Ghaut, and marching in a southerly direction, soon found himself in the vicinity of his enemy. An attack upon an enormous convoy advancing towards the British army, was gallantly repulsed by the native escort who protected it; and an armistice with Scindiah enabled the British General to turn his undivided attention to the Rajah of Berar.

BATTLE OF ARGUAM.

The Mahratta chief, however, had never intended to observe the conditions which were to lead to a suspension of arms, but continued in close communication with his ally—the Rajah. Wellesley, united with Stevenson, instantly decided on attacking both. On reaching Parterley, the Mahrattas had decamped; and a mass of cavalry, forming their rear-guard, was observed moving over the high ground beyond the village of Sersoley. The proud story of Arguam is best told in the words of the victor:—

"The troops had marched to a very great distance on a very hot day, and I therefore did not think it proper to pursue them; but, shortly after our arrival here, bodies of horse appeared in our front, with which the Mysore cavalry skirmished a part of the day; and, when I went out to push forward the pickets of the infantry to support the Mysore cavalry, and to take up the ground of our encampment, I could perceive distinctly a long line of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, regularly drawn up on the plains of Arguam, immediately in front of that village, and about six miles from this place, at which I intended to encamp.

"Although late in the day, I immediately determined to attack this army. Accordingly I marched on in one column, the British cavalry leading in a direction nearly parallel to that of the enemy's line; covering the rear and left by the Mogul and Mysore cavalry.

"The enemy's infantry and guns were on the left. Scindiah's army, consisting of one very heavy body of cavalry, was on the right, having on its right a body of Pindarries and other light troops. Their line extended above five miles, having in their rear the village and extensive gardens and enclosures of Arguam; and in their front a plain, which, however, was much cut up by watercourses, &c.

"I formed the army in two lines; the infantry in the first, and the cavalry in the second, and supporting the right; and the Mogul and Mysore cavalry the left, nearly parallel to that of the enemy's left. Some little time elapsed before the lines could be formed, owing to a part of the infantry of my division which led the column having got into confusion. When formed, the whole advanced in the greatest order; the 74th and 78th Regiments were attacked by a large body (supposed to be the Persians) and all these were destroyed. Scindiah's cavalry charged the 1st battalion 6th Regiment, which was on the left of our line, and were repulsed, and their whole line retired in disorder before our troops, leaving in our hands thirty-eight pieces of cannon, and all their ammunition.

"The British cavalry then pursued them for several miles, destroyed great numbers, and took many elephants and camels, and much baggage. The Mogul and Mysore cavalry also pursued the fugitives, and did them great mischief. Some of the latter are still following them; and I have sent out this morning all of the Mysore, Mogul, and Mahratta cavalry, in order to secure as many advantages from this victory as can be gained, and complete the enemy's confusion.

"For the reason stated in the commencement of this letter, the action did not commence till late in the day; and, unfortunately, sufficient daylight did not remain to do all that I could have wished; but the cavalry continued their pursuit by moonlight, and all the troops were under arms till a late hour in the night."

This splendid success was followed by the capture of Gawilghur by storm, a place hitherto considered to be impregnable. Among the slain, were Beny Sing and the Killidar of the place. The former, had fought with all the desperation of a man resolved to die; and it was said, that several of the assailants had fallen by his hand. Having determined not to survive the capture of the fortress, Beny Sing issued orders that his wives and daughters should be immolated, and thus preserved from the humiliation of captivity. The Rajpoots, to whom the revolting duty was intrusted, from unskillfulness, or probably from a better cause, executed the task of murder but indifferently. Of the devoted victims three only were found dead; while the remainder had escaped unhurt, or received slight wounds, from which they subsequently recovered. From the conqueror they experienced a different treatment from that which they had been taught to expect. General Wellesley visited them himself, and ordered that every attention should be paid to those unfortunate women which their rank and distinction required.

Added to the decisive defeats of Assaye and Arguam, the capture of a fortress hitherto believed invulnerable, convinced the native princes that the sword would not avail, and that amicable terms must be renewed with the British Government. In two days, a treaty highly favourable to the victors was concluded with the Rajah of Berar—Scindiah's submission followed—and General Wellesley received from the Governor General and Court of Directors, the most flattering testimonials of their approbation.

RETIREMENT FROM THE COMMAND.

The rest of General Wellesley's Eastern career was marked with activity and intelligence, in following out the advantages which the gallantry of the Anglo-Indian armies had obtained. The inhabitants of Calcutta presented him with a sword—and a dispatch, received from the Colonial Office, while it announced General Lake's elevation to a peerage, intimated that his compeer's brilliant services had been duly appreciated by his King. The letter, in alluding to General Wellesley, announces, that in consideration also, of the eminent and brilliant services of Major-General Wellesley, his Majesty has been graciously pleased to direct that the insignia of the most honourable Order of the Bath should be transmitted to that officer, and that he may immediately evince his sense of Major-General Wellesley's merits and services, his Majesty has further directed that he shall be created an extra Knight Companion of that order, and that his creation and investiture shall not wait for a succession to a regular vacancy therein.

At this period, General Wellesley signified a wish to retire from his command in the Mysore. Disliked by the Peshwah, and occasionally annoyed by Government restrictions, he found that he could not comfortably carry out the measures which he wished. "Whether from these causes, or that he was prompted to return to Europe by that hidden law which so often makes the temporary vexations of men, selected by Providence for special purposes, the means of turning them into their appointed theatre, he felt the influence of that mysterious yearning, which, even in the midst of honours and power, prompts the destined actors in great events to pant for higher glories."

On the determination of General Wellesley being made known, many public bodies addressed him; and his old companions in arms, thus conveyed their flattering testimonial of admiration and respect.

"The officers who served with the division of the army under your immediate command in the Deccan, are desirous of presenting you a pledge of their respect and esteem; and, to express the high idea they have of the gallantry and enterprise that so eminently distinguish you, they request your acceptance of a golden vase, of the value of 2000 guineas, on which it is proposed to record the principal event that was decisive of the campaign in the Deccan.

"In conveying to you this mark of their esteem, they sincerely add their wishes for your future welfare and prosperity; and their hopes, that when the public claims on your talent allow you repose, this vase may give pleasure to your social habits, in bringing to your remembrance events that add so much to your renown."

On the 9th of March, General Wellesley issued a farewell address to the troops he had so honourably and fortunately commanded; and on the 18th, embarked on board the *Trident* man-of-war, and looked his last upon the scene of his earlier triumphs.

"In reviewing General Wellesley's Indian career, strong evidence will be found to prove how much the actions of military commanders are obnoxious to misrepresentation, and how little their most brilliant efforts are appreciated or understood. At Seringapatam, the night attacks upon the Sultaunpet were set forth under Wellesley as a defeat, and under Baird as an achievement, and yet, in point of fact, no analogy existed between them. To enter an undefended post is an exploit on which no soldier plumes himself; and, on the night of the 4th of May, the whole position did not contain a matchlock. On the 5th, the entire chain of posts, tope and aqueduct, village and enclosures, all were crowded with the Sultaun's best troops; and in the dense darkness an attack failed, which in daylight proved successful. Regarding the battle of Assaye, still more absurd remarks were hazarded; and the victor was accused of rashness in risking an engagement, when the most brilliant consequences resulted from its successful issue. Never were conclusions more fallacious than in asserting that Wellesley's attack at Assaye was a hasty or incautious experiment. It was a daring but a deliberate effort, for no alternative was left. Deceived by false intelligence, and once fairly in presence of the enemy, retreat was vain, and quick decision and iron nerve alone saved General Wellesley in this alarming exigency.

"To family influence, Wellington's earlier success has been mainly attributed; and none will deny that the patronage of his gifted brother first opened to the young soldier that arduous path which ultimately led to fame and fortune; but who shall assert that the outbreaks of a master-mind were not discernible from the first moment when he received an independent command; and that, in an affair which was little more than the destruction of a brigand, the same system of quick but cautious movement, the seizure of momentary advantage in attack, were not as clearly demonstrated in the suppression of the robber horde as when he defeated his scientific opponent at Salamanca, or, by beautiful combinations, achieved his triumph at Vittoria? To compare events like these may appear preposterous; but let it be remembered, that intuitive ability and military tact may be as fully exhibited in bringing off a picket when endangered as in conducting the retreat of a division.

"In Wellesley's earlier success, two circumstances connected with them strike us as being most remarkable; the enormous masses of organised men over whom his triumphs were achieved, and the scanty means with which these brilliant victories were effected. Small as the latter were, in examining the proportionate strength of his armies, his British soldiers did not exceed a fourth of the whole; and with his native troops—Mussulman opposed to Mussulman—Scindiah was routed at Assaye, and Gawilghur, esteemed hitherto impregnable, carried by assault."

RETURN TO ENGLAND.—MARRIAGE.

On his return to England, Major-General Wellesley obtained a command under Lord Cathcart, in an expedition intended for the Continent. The news of Austerlitz, however, induced the British Government to abandon all idea of creating any important diversion, and the fleet and army were recalled.

His next appointment was the command of the Sussex district; and on the death of Lord Cornwallis, the 33rd Regiment was given General Wellesley, he having been its Lieutenant Colonel for nearly thirteen years.

Shortly before he obtained his regiment, the Major-General was returned to Parliament for the borough of Rye. On the 10th of April, 1806, he married Catherine, third daughter of Edward Michael, second Earl of Longford. Two sons were the issue of this marriage—Arthur, Marquis of Douro, born the 3rd of February, 1807, in Harley-street, London; and Charles, born at the Chief Secretary's Lodge, near Dublin, 16th of January, 1808. Both entered the army at an early age, and both have attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

CHIEF SECRETARYSHIP IN IRELAND.

In 1807, the Portland Administration came into power, and the Duke of Richmond succeeded the Duke of Bedford in the Irish Lieutenantcy. The important situation of Chief Secretary having been offered to Sir Arthur Wellesley, he accepted it conditionally—that it should not impede nor interfere with his military promotions or pursuits; and, repairing immediately to Dublin Castle, he undertook the duties of his laborious and responsible appointment. Although the enactment of the Insurrection Bill conferred upon the Irish Secretary extraordinary powers, he appears to have used them with extreme moderation; and even his political opponents admitted, that his acts were generally distinguished by impartiality and good sense.

EXPEDITION TO DENMARK.

The treaty of Tilsit occasioned in England additional apprehension. It was determined that the navy of Denmark should not be added to the enormous resources of Napoleon; and, with immense dispatch and profound secrecy, the means were completed for obtaining its possession. A powerful fleet, accompanied by an army of 20,000 men, were got ready for service; the former commanded by Admiral Gambier, the latter by Lord Cathcart.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, who held the second command, on the landing of the army, was detached with a corps to disperse the Danish regular troops and militia, which had assembled in force at the village of Kioge. This service he effected with little loss, although a severe one was inflicted on the enemy. Many of the Danes were killed; 60 officers and 1100 men were taken prisoners; and ten pieces of cannon, and a quantity of small arms, were found upon the field.

The result of the expedition was that a fine fleet, consisting of sixteen sail of the line, nine frigates, fourteen sloops, and many smaller vessels, were brought away. The ships were laden with masts, spars, and cordage, besides which ninety transports were filled with naval stores; and, of five vessels on the stocks, two were taken to pieces and brought to England, and the remainder destroyed.

As every anecdote connected with the Iron Duke has interest, we may mention the following:—Lord Rosslyn had brought with him a favourite mare, which he rode occasionally during the operations in Zealand. At the time she proved in foal, and, after her safe return to England, a colt was the produce. The colt was named "Copenhagen," and that horse carried the Duke of Wellington throughout the glorious day of Waterloo. Full of honour and of years "Copenhagen" died in 1825, at Strathfieldsaye.

RESUMPTION OF THE IRISH SECRETARYSHIP.

On his return Sir Arthur received the thanks of both houses, and resumed his Irish Secretaryship. In Ireland then, as it is to-day, it would be impossible to please both parties, and, while some approved and others condemned the measures he introduced, on one point all bore honourable testimony—and that was to the zealous and impartial manner with which the official matters under his control were carried out.

EXPEDITION TO PORTUGAL.—BATTLE OF ROLIEA.

But now the grand epoch was opening in his history. A large expedition, collected at Cork, had been intended, as report went, to act against the

South American possessions of Spain: but a more glorious scene was destined for its action. It was intended to operate on the Peninsula—and Wellesley was happily selected to command it.

On the evening of the 9th of April, 1808, the embarkation was completed; on the 12th, the fleet weighed anchor; and, on the 20th, Sir Arthur Wellesley reached Corunna, in the *Crocodile* frigate, and, after a conference with the Gallician authorities, proceeded to Oporto. There, on a consultation with the authorities, a landing in the Mondego was decided on, and, between the 1st and 5th of August, it was successfully accomplished.

The junction of General Spencer's corps—a landing effected on a difficult coast with few casualties—and the intelligence that two divisions were preparing at Ramsgate and Harwich, to strengthen the army destined for service in the Peninsula, were circumstances that omened well; still the satisfaction that Sir Arthur felt must have been considerably abated, by an announcement that Sir Hew Dalrymple was nominated to the chief command, and Sir Harry Burrard to the second. It was further intimated, that the ill-planned expedition to the Baltic, under Sir John Moore, which had recently returned to England, had received orders of readiness for Portugal. Thus, three officers might be immediately expected in the country, all of whom were of superior rank to himself. But, as he was strongly enjoined to strike an immediate blow, if possible, and had the strongest discretionary powers as to the nature of the operations he should adopt, private feeling yielded at once to public principle, and the campaign in the Peninsula opened as it closed—in victory!

On learning that a British army had actually made a landing, Junot, who commanded in Portugal, determined to check the progress of the invaders. Laborde was detached from Lisbon, and Loison from Estremoz, to unite at Leyria; while Junot remained to watch the capital, and prevent the insurrectionary movements which were dreaded.

But Wellesley's advance prevented the intended junction. Laborde fell back from Batalha to Roliça; and on that sweet spot, the first trial of strength between the conquerors of Europe and the deliverers of the Peninsula, took place, on the 17th August, 1808.

After describing the advance from Obidos, Sir Arthur Wellesley details the result of the first conflict on a soil, which, to British soldiers, will ever bring the proudest recollections:—

"Major General Hill and Brigadier-General Nightingale advanced upon the enemy's position; at the same moment Brigadier-General Fane's riflemen were in the hills on his right, the Portuguese in a village upon his left, and Major-General Ferguson's column was descending from the heights into the plain. From this situation the enemy retired by the passes into the mountains with the utmost regularity, and the greatest celerity; and, notwithstanding the rapid advance of the British infantry, the want of a sufficient body of cavalry was the cause of his suffering but little loss on the plain.

"It was then necessary to make a disposition to attack the formidable position which he had taken up.

"Brigadier-General Fane's riflemen were already in the mountains on his right; and no time was lost in attacking the different passes, as well as to support the riflemen as to defeat the enemy completely.

"The Portuguese infantry were ordered up a pass on the right of the whole. The light companies of Major-General Hill's brigade, and the 5th Regiment, moved up a pass next on the right; and the 29th Regiment, supported by the 9th Regiment, under Brigadier-General Nightingale, a third pass; and the 45th and 82nd Regiments passes on the left.

"These passes were all difficult of access, and some of them were well defended by the enemy, particularly that which was attacked by the 29th and 9th Regiments. These Regiments attacked with the utmost impetuosity, and reached the enemy before those whose attacks were to be made on their flanks.

"The defence of the enemy was desperate; and it was in this attack principally that we sustained the loss which we have to lament, particularly of that gallant officer the Hon. Lieut. Col. Lake, who distinguished himself upon this occasion. The enemy was, however, driven from all the positions he had taken in the passes of the mountains, and our troops were advanced in the plains on their tops. For a considerable length of time the 29th and 9th Regiments alone were advanced to this point, with Brigadier-General Fane's riflemen at a distance on the left; and they were afterwards supported by the 5th Regiment, and by the light companies of Major-General Hill's brigade, which had come up on their right, and by the other troops ordered to ascend the mountains, who came up by degrees.

"The enemy here made three most gallant attacks upon the 29th and 9th Regiments, supported, as I have above stated, with a view to cover the retreat of his defeated army, in all of which he was, however, repulsed; but he succeeded in effecting his retreat in good order, owing principally to my want of cavalry; and secondly to the difficulty of bringing up to the passes of the mountains with celerity a sufficient number of troops and of cannon to support those who had at first ascended. The loss of the enemy has, however, been very great, and he left three pieces of cannon in our hands.

"I cannot sufficiently applaud the conduct of the troops throughout this action. The enemy's positions were formidable; and he took them up with his usual ability, and defended them most gallantly. But I must observe that, although we had such a superiority of numbers employed in the operations of this day, the troops actually engaged in the heat of the action were, from unavoidable circumstances, only the 5th, 9th, 29th, the riflemen of the 95th and 60th, and flank companies of Major-General Hill's brigade; being a number by no means equal to that of the enemy. Their conduct, therefore, deserves the highest commendations."

There is no reminiscence of the Peninsula which the soldier recalls with more pride than the small but brilliant action of Roliça. It is true that the scale was limited, and that the mighty masses with which after battle-fields were crowded might be wanting for effect; but nothing could be more perfect than Wellesley's attack—nothing more scientific than Laborde's resistance. Other circumstances add to the interest of this affair. It was the first trial of the hero of Assaye opposed to European troops; and these also, troops that, with no absurd pretension, had claimed the title of invincible.

The day after the action, the arrival of General Anstruther, with a brigade from England, was announced; and, on the 20th, another reinforcement landed, under the command of General Acland. Thus strengthened, Sir Arthur had decided to march direct on Mafra, and turn the French position at Torres Vedras; but, unhappily, Sir Harry Burrard superseded him in the command of an enthusiastic army, whose onward march of victory was instantly arrested under the most unmitigated excuses. It was in vain, that Wellesley pointed out to his Fabian successor the impossibility of remaining quiet—because, if they did not advance to attack the enemy, the enemy would assuredly advance and attack them. It was in vain, that he represented the great advantage which must arise from Sir John Moore landing in the Mondego, and cutting off Junot's retreat. Sir Harry was not to be convinced. He remained obdurate to every argument employed to induce him to adopt the offensive; and Wellesley returned to his camp, convinced "that the military incapacity of his superior officer would, when it paralysed early success, as it did that of Roliça, entail upon the expedition ulterior disaster and disgrace. It was otherwise decreed; and the decision of an enemy, wreathed the laurel on Wellesley's brow, of which the timidity of a feeble-minded colleague would have robbed him."

BATTLE OF VIMIERA.

Junot, on being informed that Laborde had been defeated, hurried from Lisbon, and assumed the command. By a singular coincidence of circumstances, he found his own situation precisely similar to his rival's. Delay would involve ruin; he must strike at once; he had not provisions for a second day; and he had reason to apprehend that the arrival of every courier would convey the intelligence that Lisbon was in arms. With prompt decision, he determined to assail the invading army; and, after a long night-march, on the morning of the 21st of August, he halted a league from the English pickets.

In relative strength, the rival armies were nearly equal. Junot had three divisions of infantry, one of cavalry, and twenty-three guns. In the first arm, Wellesley was stronger, weaker in the second, and in artillery pretty equal. The French Marshal hurried his preparations to attack—and at ten o'clock the action of Vimiera commenced. An extract from the official report made by the successful General will best detail the result of this glorious affair:—

"The enemy first appeared about eight o'clock in the morning, in large bodies of cavalry, on our left, upon the heights on the road to Lourinha; and it was soon obvious that the attack would be made upon our advanced guard, and the left of our position; and Major General Ferguson's brigade was immediately moved across the ravine to the heights on the road to Lourinha, with three pieces of cannon; Brigadier-General Acland and his brigade, and Brigadier General Bowes with his brigade. These troops were formed (Major General Ferguson's brigade in the first line, Brigadier General Nightingale's in the second, and Brigadier General Bowes and Acland's in columns in the rear) on those heights, with their right upon the valley which leads into Vimiera, and their left upon the other ravine, which separates these heights from the range which terminates at the landing-place at Maceira. On the last mentioned heights, the Portuguese troops, which had been in the bottom, near Vimiera, were posted, in the first instance, and they were supported by Brigadier-General Crawford's brigade.

"The troops of the advanced guard, on the heights to the southward and eastward of the town, were deemed sufficient for its defence, and Major-General Hill was moved to the centre of the mountain on which the great body of the infantry had been posted as a support to these troops, and as a reserve to the whole army; in addition to this support, these troops had that of the cavalry in the rear of their right.

The enemy's attack began in several columns upon the whole of the troops on this height; and on the left they advanced, notwithstanding the fire of the Riflemen, close to the 50th Regiment, and they were checked and driven back only by the bayonets of that corps. The second battalion, 43rd Regiment, was likewise closely engaged with them in the road which leads into Vimiera, a part of that corps having been ordered into the churchyard to prevent them from penetrating into the town. On the right of this position they were repulsed by the bayonets of the 97th Regiment, which corps was successfully supported by the second battalion of the 52nd; which, by an advance in column, took the enemy in flank. Besides this position given to the attack of the enemy on the advanced guard by their own exertions, they were attacked in flank by Brigadier-General Acland's brigade, in its advance to its position on the heights on the left; and a cannonade was kept up on the flank of the enemy's columns by the artillery on those heights.

"At length, after a most desperate contest, the enemy was driven back in confusion from the attack, with the loss of several pieces of cannon, many prisoners, and a great number of officers and soldiers killed and wounded. He was pursued by a detachment of the 20th Light Dragoons, but the enemy's cavalry were so much superior in numbers that this detachment suffered much, and Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor was unfortunately killed.

"Nearly at the same time, the enemy's attack commenced upon the heights on the road to Lourinha. This attack was supported by a large body of cavalry, and was made with the usual impetuosity of French troops. It was received with steadiness by Major General Ferguson's brigade, consisting of the 36th, 70th, and 71st Regiments; and these corps charged as soon as the enemy approached them, who gave way, and they continued to advance upon him, supported by the 82nd, one of the corps of Brigadier-General Nightingale's brigade, which, as the ground extended, afterwards formed a part of the first line, by the 99th Regiment, and by Brigadier-General Crawford's brigade and the Portuguese troops in two lines, advanced along the heights on the left. In the advance of Major-General Ferguson's brigade, six pieces of cannon were taken from the enemy, with many prisoners, and vast numbers were killed and wounded. The enemy afterwards made an attempt to recover part of his artillery, by attacking the 71st and 87th Regiments, which were halted in a valley in which it had been taken. These regiments retired from the low grounds in the valley, to the heights, when they halted, faced about, and fired, and advanced upon the enemy, who had by that time arrived in the low ground, and they thus obliged him again to retire with great loss.

In this action, in which the whole of the French force in Portugal was employed, under the command of the Duke d'Abrantes in person, in which the enemy was certainly superior in cavalry and artillery, and in which not more than half of the British army was actually engaged, he has sustained a signal defeat; and has lost thirteen pieces of cannon, twenty-three ammunition waggons, with powder, shells, stores of all descriptions, and 20,000 rounds of musket ammunition. One general officer has been wounded (Brenier) and taken prisoner, and a great many officers and soldiers have been killed, wounded, and taken.

Roliça and Vimiero gave glorious promises of the boundless gallantry of British soldiers, which future and greater fields confirmed. At the former, Lake died in the centre pass, at the head of his noble regiment (the 29th); Colonel Taylor (20th Light Dragoons) was shot through the heart, charging an overwhelming mass of French cavalry; and in humbler individuals the same enthusiastic gallantry was extensively displayed. The grenadier piper of the 71st, when brought to the ground with a broken leg, seated himself on a knapsack, and played the regiment into action. "I can na gang wi' ye, lads," exclaimed the gallant Highlander, "but de'il tak my saul, if ye shall want music!"

Like the victory at Roliça, that of Vimiero was robbed of its glorious results by the arrival of another imbecile commander—Sir Hew Dalrymple. Instead of pushing success, already gallantly obtained, to a glorious termination, and obliging the French army to submit to an unconditional surrender, Sir Hew and Sir Harry—"both slang names," as Cobbett said—entered into negotiations, which concluded in the Convention of Cintra.

RETURN TO ENGLAND.

On the completion of this infamous treaty—of which the victor of Roliça and Vimiero heartily disapproved—Sir Arthur threw up his command, and returned to England.

In the military history of Britain, the next epoch that followed was Sir John Moore's invasion of Spain, and subsequent retreat upon Corunna. The results of this ill-advised operation—unfortunate as it was, from its commencement to its close—had well nigh proved fatal to the liberties of the Peninsula, by extinguishing the martial spirit of England. Still, to keep the battle at a distance, appeared the best policy of the British Cabinet; while the folly of employing old school commanders was made manifest by the Court of Inquiry, to whose consideration the Convention of Cintra had been referred. After its conclusion, Sir Arthur Wellesley received the thanks of both houses for his conduct at Vimiero, and re-assumed his duties as Chief Secretary of Ireland.

After Sir John Moore had crossed the frontier on his disastrous expedition, the command in Portugal devolved upon Sir John Cradock. When the evacuation had been actually decided upon, the unexpected rupture between Austria and France induced the English Ministry to reconsider the policy of withdrawing the army. Sir Arthur Wellesley was privately consulted by Lord Castlereagh; and an able memorandum he returned on the defence of Portugal, confirmed the wavering opinions of the English Ministry, and led to the adoption of that policy, which restored freedom to the Continent, and sealed the ruin of Napoleon.

The grand principle in Sir Arthur's *projet* was to raise the Portuguese military establishment to 30,000 regular troops and 40,000 militia; that this army should be assisted with money and *matériel*, and commanded exclusively by British officers. The obstacle to the plan was supposed to lie in the pride or jealousy of the Portuguese; but, fortunately for Europe, on this occasion the good sense of the Government prevailed, and overtures were made to Great Britain, which, on her part, were liberally accepted. By these arrangements the Portuguese army was taken into English pay, placed under English officers, organised, and, on the same system, subjected to the same regulations, and in every respect made, for the time being, an integral portion of the British army. The chief command of the Portuguese army was of course to be vested in a British officer. Sir Arthur Wellesley declined it, and General Beresford eventually was appointed to a trust, which throughout the subsequent campaigns, he executed with admirable good sense and admitted talent.

SECOND APPEARANCE AND COMMAND IN THE PENINSULA.

While Cradock was reinforced from England, and Beresford was actively engaged in organising the native army, Sir Arthur Wellesley was nominated Commander-in-Chief, and, with increased powers, he was, at this eventful crisis, despatched to the Peninsula. Having resigned his secretaryship in Ireland, and vacated his seat in Parliament, Sir Arthur embarked on board

the *Surveillante* with his staff, left Portsmouth on the 16th of April, and, after a dangerous but quick passage, anchored in the Tagus, on the 22nd.

After an enthusiastic reception at Lisbon, Sir Arthur instantly applied himself to prepare the army for active operations; and having ascertained that the armies of Soult and Victor were too widely separated to permit of any unity of operations, Sir Arthur Wellesley decided on attacking the Duke of Dalmatia without delay; and, if successful in the north, to return rapidly to the Tagus, and, in conjunction with Cuesta's corps, fall subsequently upon Victor.

We must here remark, that full of interest as the minor operations which ended in the most glorious results of the Peninsular campaigns occasionally proved, of necessity, we must pass them over for want of space, and confine ourselves to the more starling scenes of the mighty drama then enacting. For the proceedings of the Spanish armies—the history of the reign of usurpation—the details of the Iron Duke's foreign and home diplomacy—a reference must be made to military annals. Our object shall be confined to placing the proud events which marked the career of the Great Captain of the Age succinctly before the reader, and giving in rapid review the greater occurrences which rendered the name of Wellington immortal.

PASSAGE OF THE DOURO.

With the Allied Commander, to plan and execute were synonymous. The army was speedily in march towards the Douro, and the initial movements gave happy promise of success. Unchecked by any opposition the enemy offered to his advance, on the morning of the 12th, the Allies reached Villa Nova, and the whole were ready for action.

But no general, and he victorious, was more painfully situated than Sir Arthur Wellesley. A river, deep, rapid, and three hundred yards across, rolled its dank waters in his front; a bold and vigorous enemy lay beyond it; no means of transportation were provided, and on the instant passage of that formidable stream more than success depended: for not only the enemy might elude his attack, but an isolated corps was endangered.—"Soult might retire unmolested into Galicia if he pleased, or by attacking Beresford singly, overpower him by superior force, and enter Beira. Danger often stimulates bravery to startling, but successful, enterprises; and in this emergency, Wellesley decided on as bold an effort as modern warfare parallels—the crossing of the Douro."

From the heights, which concealed his own troops, Sir Arthur Wellesley commanded an uninterrupted view of the country for miles around—and the Vallonga road at once fixed his attention.

Dust rose in thick clouds—baggage could be seen occasionally—and the march of Soult's column was readily detected. Directly opposite, and on the heights of Serra, a building of great extent encircled by a wall which surrounded a considerable area, was discovered.

The Seminary was particularly strong. It had but one entrance, and that communicated with the Vallonga road, and was secured by an iron gate. Could this edifice be occupied, Wellesley might open a passage for his army but where were means to be obtained by which troops could be thrown across the stream, and the seizure of that building effected? A barrier, to all appearance impassable, was unfortunately interposed. When no hope presents itself the most ardent spirit will yield. Before Wellesley rolled the Douro, and "Alexander the Great might have turned from it without shame!"

There is an air of romance in the means by which this singular difficulty was surmounted. Colonel Waters had been despatched, on what appeared a forlorn hope, of finding some means of transport. Fortune unexpectedly befriended him: a barber of Oporto had eluded the vigilance of Soult's patrols, and paddled his skiff across the river. Him the Colonel found in company with the Prior of Amarante; and the latter, having volunteered his services, the barber consented to assist, and with these unmilitary associates Waters crossed the stream, and in half an hour returned, unperceived, with several large barges.

The passage of the Douro, a fit pendant to the daring of Wellesley, at Assaye, is thus detailed in an extract from the victor's despatch:—

"The ground on the right bank of the river at this ferry is protected and commanded by the fire of cannon, placed on the height of the Seuva Convent, at Villa Nova; and there appeared to be a good position for our troops on the opposite side of the river, till they should be collected in sufficient numbers.

"The enemy took no notice of our collection of boats, or of the embarkation of the troops, till after the first battalion (the Buffs) were landed, and had taken up their position under the command of Lieutenant-General Paget, on the opposite side of the river. They then commenced an attack upon them, with a large body of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, under the command of Marshal Soult, which that corps most gallantly sustained till supported successively by the 48th and 66th regiments, belonging to Major-General Hill's brigade, and a Portuguese battalion of detachments belonging to Brigadier-General Richard Stewart's brigade.

"Lieutenant-General Paget was unfortunately wounded soon after the attack commenced, when the command of these gallant troops devolved upon Major-General Hill.

"Although the French made repeated attacks upon them, they made no impression; and, at last, Major-General Murray having appeared on the enemy's left flank, on his march from Avintas, where he had crossed, and Lieutenant-General Sherbrooke, who by this time had availed himself of the enemy's weakness in the town of Oporto, and had crossed the Douro at the ferry between the towns of Villa Nova and Oporto, having appeared upon their right with the Brigade of Guards and the 99th regiment, the whole retired in the utmost confusion towards Amarante leaving behind them five pieces of cannon, eight ammunition tumbrils, and many prisoners.

From the Douro, which had witnessed his opening success, Wellesley advanced towards the Tagus, intending to co-operate with Cuesta's army, which occupied the banks of that river. The object was a united attack on Victor. Unfortunately, however, no unanimity in views or objects existed between the British and Spanish Commanders. "Whilst Cuesta desired, above all things, that the armies of the two nations should be united—that they should fight side by side, and follow up to the utmost any advantage which they might obtain, Sir Arthur Wellesley was guided by other motives, and restricted his designs to a narrower, but a much safer and surer field."

BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

After Cuesta's obstinacy had nearly proved fatal to the Allied army, on Joseph Buonaparte's advance, Wellesley took a position to receive battle at Talavera.

The town stands on the northern bank of the Tagus, the houses reaching down to the water's edge. The Allied armies were drawn up in line—the British on the left, extending from the town nearly to the Sierra de Gata, its extreme flank occupying a bold height near Alatuza de Segusella, having in its front a difficult ravine, and on its flank a deep valley—while to the Spaniards the right was assigned. Their battalions were stationed among olive groves, with walls and fences interspersed, and an embankment, running along the road, that formed an excellent breast-work, and rendered their position nearly unassailable. It was necessary to secure the point of junction, where the British right touched Cuesta's left; and, to effect this, ten guns were placed in battery on the summit of a bold knoll, with an English division to protect them, and a strong cavalry corps in reserve.

Talavera was rather a succession of sanguinary combats than what is termed a general action. The divisions of Lapisse and Ruffin crossed the Alberche, and advanced so rapidly on the Casa de Salinas, that the English General, who was at the moment in the house, had scarcely time allowed to enable him to mount and ride off. Victor, animated by the success of his first operation, followed Donkin with Villate's division, and the whole of his light cavalry and guns—while the Fourth Corps and French Reserve, which were directed against the right, sent their cavalry forward, to induce the Spaniards to unmask their line of battle.

On the advance of the French cavalry, after delivering a general volley, upwards of 10,000 of the Spaniards broke, and ran off the field. "The panic spread, and the French would fain have charged; but Sir Arthur Wellesley, who was at hand, immediately flanked the main road with some English squadrons. The ditches on the other side rendered the country impracticable, and the fire of musketry being renewed by those Spaniards who remained, the enemy lost some men, and, finally, retreated in disorder."

A night attack was made against the ridge upon the left, which Victor considered the key of the English position—and the sudden assault of su-

perior numbers was at first successful, the British left was turned, and the height crowned by the enemy. General Hill, who had advanced to Donkin's assistance with the 48th Regiment, mistook the French for British stragglers, and rode hastily into their ranks. His brigade major was shot dead, and his own horse seized by a grenadier—but the general shook him off, galloped down the hill, placed himself at the head of the 29th, led that regiment up the heights, and gallantly re-tore the battle.

It was at this time so dark, that the blaze of musketry alone displayed the forms of the assailants. The leading company of the 29th poured in a volley when close to the bayonets of the enemy—and the glorious cheer of the British infantry accompanied the charge which succeeded. The rest of the regiment arrived in quick succession, and forming on the summit in close column, speedily drove everything before it. The enemy was pursued down the hill, abandoning the level ground on its top, thickly strewn with dead bodies or wounded men. No second attempt was for some time made to carry this most important point, and the 29th remained in possession of the ground, lying on their arms in the midst of fallen enemies.

Soon after day-break the battle was renewed—Two heavy columns of chosen troops, the grenadiers of Lapisse's division, were formed in front of the height in question. "The formation was marked by a furious cannonade, under cover of which the columns pressed forward; and desperate and numerous were the efforts which they made to render themselves masters of the summit; but nothing could exceed the gallantry and steadiness of the brave men who opposed them. The brigades of General Tilson and R. Stewart were here; they permitted the enemy again and again to arrive within a few paces of the ridge, and then drove them back in admirable style with the bayonet, till, disheartened by so many repulses, they at last retreated altogether, leaving the ground covered with their dead.

"The fighting, which had continued without intermission from day-light, had produced an enormous loss of life; and, at nine o'clock, by a sort of tacit consent, each party ceased hostilities. The day was oppressively hot, a small stream flowed through the centre of the battle ground, and the soldiers of both armies hurried to the rivulet to obtain water. The men approached each other fearlessly, threw down their caps and muskets, chatted to each other like old acquaintances, and exchanged their canteens and wine-flasks. All asperity of feeling seemed forgotten. To a stranger they would have appeared more like an allied force, than men hot from a ferocious conflict, and only gathering strength and energy to recommence it anew. But a still nobler rivalry for the time existed; the interval was employed in carrying off the wounded, who lay intermixed upon the hard-contested field; and, to the honour of both be it told, that each endeavoured to extricate the common sufferers, and remove their unfortunate friends and enemies without distinction. Suddenly the bugles sounded, the drums beat to arms; many of the rival soldiery shook hands, and parted with expressions of mutual esteem, and, in ten minutes afterwards, they were again at the bayonet's point."

The assault upon the British centre, by Sebastiani's corps, renewed the battle, and added another to the French repulses. "The English regiments, pushing the French skirmishers aside, met the advancing column with loud shouts, and, breaking in on their front, and lapping their flanks with fire, gave them no respite, and pushed them back with a terrible carnage." Ten guns were taken; but, as General Campbell prudently forbore pursuit, the French rallied on their supports, and made a show of attacking again. Vain attempt! The British artillery and musketry played furiously upon the masses, and, a Spanish regiment of cavalry charging on their flank at the same time, the whole retired in disorder, and the victory was secured in that quarter.

"A sad incident added to the horrors of a battle-field. From the heat of the weather, the fallen leaves were parched like tinder, and the grass was rank and dry. Near the end of the engagement, both were ignited by the blaze of some cartridge papers, and the whole surface of the ground was presently covered with a sheet of fire. Those of the disabled who lay on the outskirts of the field, managed to crawl away, or were carried off by their more fortunate companions, who had escaped unhurt; but, unhappily, many gallant sufferers, with "medicable wounds," perished in the flames, before it was possible to extricate them."

The most gallant and unsuccessful occurrence of the day, was a movement made by Anson's brigade; and, in attempting to charge French infantry formed behind a hidden ravine, the 23rd Light Dragoons were almost annihilated.

With a furious assault on the English Guards, the French efforts at Talavera ended—they came on with imposing steadiness, and they were bloodily repulsed.

At six o'clock the battle terminated. The French, covered by a tremendous fire of artillery, retired to their own position, leaving seventeen guns in the possession of the victors. The marvel is, that any trophy could be won. The English, worn out by fatigue, and literally starving, with now scarcely 14,000 men embattled, were incapable of further exertion; while their useless allies, though fresh and undamaged, dared not to be employed, as they were not even to be trusted when behind banks and breastworks, and were utterly unequal to attempt the simplest evolutions.

The losses at Talavera were enormous. The British casualties amounted to 5423; the French to 7389. This amount is taken from the returns of Jourdan and Lameze; but it is generally asserted and believed that the French had 10,000 *hors de combat*.

The junction of the light troops, which had been despatched from England to reinforce the army in Spain, was effected under circumstances so highly distinctive of the chivalrous regiments which composed it, that we cannot pass it over. By an unparalleled exertion, the Light Brigade, consisting of the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th (Rifles), arrived on the 29th upon the battle-ground, and immediately took outpost duty. The regiments, after a march of twenty miles, were bivouacked for the night, when intelligence reached their commanding officer that Sir Arthur Wellesley was on the eve of a battle. After a short halt, the brigade got under arms, with a fixed determination to share the glory of the coming field. As they advanced, Spanish fugitives, hurrying off in crowds, informed them that the struggle was already ended, that the English army was totally defeated, and Sir Arthur Wellesley killed. "Indignant at this shameful scene, the troops hastened rather than slackened the impetuosity of their pace; and, leaving only seventeen stragglers behind, in twenty-six hours they accomplished a march of sixty-two English miles. To estimate this extraordinary effort made by these splendid regiments, it should be recollected that it was executed in heavy marching order, over a country where water was scarce, and under a burning sun. As a march, none on military record has exceeded it."

Whatever good consequences might have arisen from the victory of Talavera were speedily neutralised by the infamous conduct of the Spanish authorities. Starvation actually reigned in the British cantonments; sickness ensued; and the troops became so enfeebled that they could scarcely accomplish an ordinary march. To prevent his camp from becoming a mighty hospital, it must be instantly moved from the insalubrious neighbourhood of the Guadiana; and, in five marches, the army fell back upon the Portuguese frontier, and Badajoz was made head-quarters.

We have described Lord Wellington's habits when in the field, and we will follow him now into a period of inaction, but not of repose to him.

The duties of his bureau were manifold and laborious; and the few hours he could steal from the confinement an extensive correspondence required were devoted to field sports, or consumed in visiting his hospitals. Early in October, he set out for Lisbon; and the object of that journey engrossed the undivided attention of the army. The general belief was, that its final departure from the Peninsula was an event not distant; and, indeed, all circumstances tended to strengthen this opinion. The melancholy state to which sickness had reduced the English battalions; the proven worthlessness of their Spanish allies; the astounding success which had attended the arms of Napoleon, and placed the ascendancy of France upon a pinnacle of strength it had never reached before, while his union with "a daughter of the Caesars" to all appearance had established its solidity; all these things denoted that the abandonment of Portugal was an inevitable event, and that an army, brave and successful in every previous trial, must of necessity yield to a power no longer to be opposed, and decline farther contest with a nation "emerged victorious from eighteen years of warfare."

THE LINES OF TORRES VEDRAS.

But these conjectures were erroneous. To hold the country, and not



WATERLOO.—“UP, GUARDS, AND AT THEM!”

The crisis of the campaign came on; Massena moved forward on Veseu, and Wellington retired by the left bank of the Mondego. Leaving Craufurd's division and the cavalry on the Crez, at Martagos, the English General retired behind the Alva. Massena's intention to move direct on Lisbon was now apparent; and Wellington fell back, and took a position at Busaco.

BATTLES OF BUSACO AND BAROSSA.

On the 27th of September, Massena assailed the position of the Allied General. The French attack was made in five columns, and on two distinct points, about a league apart from each other. Regnier, with two columns, mounted the mill at Antonio de Cantara; and Ney, with three, in front of the Convent of Busaco. “Regnier had less difficulties to overcome, as the face of the Sierra by which he advanced was more practicable; and, favoured by mist, his skirmishers were mingled with the light troops of the third division almost as soon as the pickets had discovered that the enemy were in motion. The Allies resisted vigorously, and the British artillery swept the face of the Sierra with a destructive storm of grape; but the French pressed forward, forced the right of the division back, threw a Por-

tuguese regiment into disorder, and gained the crest of the ridge between Picton's and Leith's divisions. The enemy instantly endeavoured to secure the height they had won with their advanced battalions, and, with the remainder of the corps, pressed rapidly along the ridge of the hill. But in front, volleys of musketry checked them; their flank was torn by the fire of the British guns; while the 45th and 88th came forward with the bayonet, and, charging furiously, drove all before them, and forced the shattered column down the hill, ‘the dead and dying strewing the way, even to the bottom of the valley.’”

The attempts on every part of the position were equally desperate, and equally unsuccessful. Scarcely a gleam of momentary promise had attended the efforts of the French—and the obstinacy with which they were continued, only added to the slaughter of the assailants. The losses were, consequently, disproportionate: while that of the Allies did not amount to 1300 *hors de combat*, the French casualties, on a moderate estimate, exceeded 5000.

The roar of battle ended; and, beyond now and then a dropping shot, Busaco was undisturbed, and nothing indicated the recent conflict but the melancholy tokens which mark “a foughten field.” In front of the Light Division, the hill was thickly covered with the dead and dying; and permission was granted by Craufurd for the French to remove their wounded. That interval, honourable to the humanity of civilised warfare, was charitably employed on both sides; and French and English intermingled with perfect confidence and good humour, each seeking and taking off their wounded men, and occasionally offering a mutual assistance.

The victory of Busaco was never for a moment doubtful. All had been ably conceived—all was happily executed and, in the words of a staff offi-

abandon it, was the object of his visit to the capital of Portugal; to plan the lines of Torres Vedras had been the object of his journey; and the ability that designed these extensive defences was only equalled by the promptness with which they were executed. If the architect of St. Paul's trusted for immortality to his works, Wellington might have safely rested a soldier's fame on his.

The line taken up by Lord Wellington to defend the Portuguese frontier formed the segment of a circle, of which the convex part was opposed to the quarter from whence the invasion was expected. Guarda, Celarico, Pinhel, and the west bank of the Coa, were its four main points; the Coa, with its tributary streams, flowing in front of the line along the greater part of its extent.

Ney had already invested Rodrigo, when Massena, on the 24th of June, took command of the grand army of Portugal. On the 25th, the French commenced breaching; and on the 11th of July, when the counterscarp was blown in, and the columns of assault were forming to carry a breach, over which carriages might have driven safely, the old Governor, Herasti, hoisted the white flag, and surrendered a fortress he had so admirably defended.

The fall of Rodrigo was followed by the action on the Coa, between the Light Division, under Craufurd, and a strong corps commanded by Soult. It was an affair most judiciously brought on, as no results could justify the risk to which the division was unnecessarily exposed—and a more brilliant affair was never more idly nor unprofitably hazarded.

The siege of Almeida followed; and accident reduced a place in twenty-four hours which should have held out as many days. An unlucky shell exploded the grand magazine, destroyed the whole town, and made a breach in the place; blew all the guns, excepting three, into the ditch; destroyed the ammunition, excepting ten or twelve barrels of powder; and killed or wounded the greater part of the artillerymen.



WATERLOO.—“THE OLD GUARD NEVER SURRENDERS.”

cer, "there was something exhilarating to a degree in the whole day of Busaco. As it advanced, a bright sun shone on the armies; no event had occurred to counteract the full tide of success attending the defensive warfare adopted by Lord Wellington; strength of position, with great firmness of purpose, had enabled the allies to repel very serious attacks with comparatively trifling loss; and the glacis of the mountain-barrier on which they stood was heaped with bodies of the enemy."

An immediate retreat upon the Lines of Lisbon succeeded; and there Wellington had justly calculated that, intact and unassailable, he should starve his opponent out. The result proved that his conclusion was correct. Massena, after lying six weeks in front of an impregnable position, was obliged to retire from before the Lines, and cross the Spanish frontier.

Two occurrences subsequently marked the progress of the campaign. The total defeat of Mendizabel's Spanish army under the walls of Badajoz, and Graham's superb action at Barosa—one of the noblest triumphs in Peninsular exploits.

Badajoz unfortunately fell; and to La Pena's villanous misconduct at Barosa, Jose de Imaz' treachery placed Spanish dependence below trust. With the last, the anecdote connected with his infamy is interesting, and we shall give it.

Rafael Menacho, a gallant old man, was Governor of Badajoz when Soult invested the city. In the personal direction of a sortie, to prevent the covered way from being crowned by the French, the brave Governor was killed by a cannon shot; and, unfortunately, a mercenary poltroon succeeded him. Never was a garrison more defensible. Of provisions and ammunition Imaz had an ample supply, and his garrison comprised 8500 effective men. The besiegers were sadly reduced by sickness and fatigue; the breach was impracticable, and the telegraph at Elvas informed him that Massena was in full retreat, and Wellington advancing to raise the siege—an assurance confirmed by a private letter, which a confidential messenger succeeded in delivering. "Imaz read the letter, and instantly surrendered; handing over, at the same moment, the intelligence thus obtained to the enemy."

"But national pride required that some honourable token of respect should be offered by the enemy, as an attestation of his bravery; and Imaz demanded and obtained permission that his grenadiers should defile through the breach. Alas! that *fête* was more difficult than he had imagined. The fracture in the escape was found too small, and Imaz was obliged to enlarge the opening himself. Not a French soldier would assist; they all stood looking on in silent contempt, while, with Spanish stateliness and in all the pomp of full-blown ignominy, the Governor of Badajoz marched out 8000 men, in the presence of a besieging force which did not much exceed the number of his own garrison!"

The fall of Badajoz concluded Soult's brilliant operations, and he resumed the siege of Cadiz. In fifty-six days, the French Marshal had taken more



FIELD-MARSHAL HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

prisoners than exceeded the effective strength of his whole corps, when he marched from Seville to commence his operations. He had placed 10,000 more *hors de combat*, reduced four fortresses, and obtained the mastery of Estremadura. "Yet, great and daring and successful as his operations had been, the principal object of his expedition was frustrated; for Massena was in retreat, and Lord Wellington's admirable combinations had palsied the hand of the conqueror."

The details of Massena's beautiful retreat from Portugal would be too tedious for a hurried memoir of his abler opponent. Never did French generals exhibit greater daring and ability—and never did a pursuing commander test it more severely. The splendid affair at Sabugal wound up these gallant passages of arms; and also established what in military history had been held heretical before, namely—that infantry in line could withstand and repel the *colonne serree*, which won half the battles of the Revolution:—

"We have given," says Lord Wellington, "the French a handsome dressing, and I think they will not say again that we are not a manœuvring army. We may not manœuvre so beautifully as they do, but I do not desire better sport than to meet one of their columns *en masse* with our lines. The poor 2nd corps, received a terrible beating from the 43rd and 52nd on the 3rd."

The severe repulse at Sabugal cost the French upwards of 1200 men. Regnier retreated on Rendo. On the 4th, Massena retired on Ciudad Rodrigo; and on the 5th, his rear-guard crossed the Spanish frontier, leaving Portugal without an invader.

The losses which Massena sustained in his unfortunate campaign may be faithfully collected from official data. When he entered Portugal, his army mustered 65,000 effective men; Drouet joined him, at Santarem, with 10,000; and, during his retreat, 9,000 troops of all arms reinforced him. Belmas, in the *Journal du Sieges*, says, that on re-entering Spain he could but muster 35,000 effectives, 2,000 cavalry only were in serviceable condition, and his artillery was reduced to 12 guns.

A rash, but most gallant encounter at Campo Mayor, was followed by a very brilliant cavalry affair at Usagre. Wellington determined to invest Badajoz; while Massena, to protect that fortress and relieve Almeida, advanced with an army, re-organised and reinforced, from Salamanca.

Wellington's effective strength was only 32,000 infantry, 1,500 cavalry and 42 guns; while Massena mustered 46,000 men, of whom 5,000 were splendid horsemen. Disproportioned as the strength of the respective armies was, the Allied General determined to risk a battle, rather than allow Almeida to be relieved, and with this intention took up ground on a table-land between the Dnas Casas and de Turonel.

FUENTES DONORO.

The centre of the Allied position was in front of Alameda, the left flank



ENTRY OF THE ALLIED SOVEREIGNS INTO PARIS.

resting on Fort Concepcion, and the right in the village of Fuentes d'Onoro; and it had this advantage, that "the French General could not, with any prudence, venture to march, by his own right, against Almeida, lest the Allies, crossing the ravine at the villages of Alameda and Fuentes d'Onoro, should fall on his flank, and drive him into the Agueda. Hence, to cover the blockade, which was maintained by Pack's Portuguese, and an English regiment, it was sufficient to leave the 5th Division near Fort Concepcion, and the 6th Division opposite Alameda. The 1st and 3rd were then concentrated on a gentle rise, about a cannon-shot behind Fuentes d'Onoro, where the steppe of land which the army occupied turned back, and ended on the Turon, becoming rocky and difficult as it approached the river."

On the 2nd of May, the French army moved from Badajoz, and crossed the Azava, while the Light Division, leisurely retiring, crossed the Dos Casas, and occupied Fuentes d'Onoro.

This lovely village had been alternately possessed by the Allies and the enemy; and, by a very singular good fortune, it had hitherto been respected by both. "It stands in a valley, on the left bank of the Dos Casas, with rising grounds on either side. The road to Ciudad Rodrigo passes through the hamlet, and a morass extends on that side, until it is bounded by a thick wood; while, on the other, the ground undulates considerably, and the surface is rocky and uneven. There were many stone inclosures in Fuentes, which would yield good protection to the infantry that might be engaged in its defence; and the heights behind afforded a rallying point for troops, if forced from the lower village, and also a means of feeding them with reinforcements from the divisions posted in their rear. The upper part of the village stands upon the edge of the ravine, which rises boldly from the channel of the Dos Casas, and the old chapel and a few houses which crowned the height, were, from a situation of difficult approach, particularly defensible."

In giving a summary of the battle which ensued, it is necessary to remark, that in every arm Wellington was weaker than his assailant—in cavalry he was frightfully inferior; and, although the outline of the position was good, still it was most dangerous, as, had occasion required the Allied army to fall back, the narrow bridge at Castello Bom, was the only passage across the Coa by which artillery could be retired.

The assault on Fuentes d'Onoro was furiously made, and it was as fiercely repelled. Oppressed by a heavy cannonade, the lower village was gradually abandoned to the enemy, but the chapel and craggy eminence above it were desperately maintained. Loison redoubled his efforts; Wellington reinforced his hard-pressed battalions; and when night fell, the lower houses of Fuentes remained in possession of the French, and the upper village was occupied by British regiments.

Massena, on the 4th, determined to carry the opposite flank of the position, drove the Guerilla cavalry over the Turon, stormed the village of Poco Velho, and established his cavalry on the grand plateau of the position. In their weak state the British horsemen offered a most gallant, but unavailing, resistance, and, overpowered by numbers, they were obliged to fall back upon the infantry for protection. This appeared the crisis of the day—the certain opening to victory—and the mass of French cavalry instantly pressed forward.

With other troops a bloody defeat must have ensued; but at this fearful moment their own gallantry and discipline saved the British soldiers. Although surprised by the sudden rush of the Cuirassiers, the Chasseurs Britanniques threw themselves behind a broken fence, and maintained a rolling fire that fell upon the assailants with murderous effect, and checked the onward career of the enemy. At one place, however, the fury of the fight seemed for a time to centre. "A great commotion was observed amongst the French squadrons; men and officers closed in confusion towards one point, where a thick dust was rising, and where loud cries, the sparkling of sword blades, and flashes of pistols indicated some extraordinary occurrence. Suddenly the multitude was violently agitated, an English shout arose, the mass was rent asunder, and Norman Ramsay burst forth at the head of his battery, his horses breathing fire, and stretching like greyhounds along the plain, his guns bounding like things of no weight, and the mounted gunners in close and compact order protecting the rear."

Never was the fortune of a field more critically circumstanced. The Allied right was turned, the divisions separated, and a fresh formation indispensable. It was an operation which only a master of the art of war would venture to adopt, and British soldiers have nerve to execute. To retire troops across a level plain, the outer flank having a surface of four miles to traverse, surrounded by heavy masses of French cavalry, flushed with the full assurance of approaching victory, and waiting one false movement to fall on, was certainly a daring resolution.

Slowly, and in perfect order, the squares of the 1st, 7th, and light divisions retired for many miles, "flanked on either side by the terrible Cuirassiers of Montbrun, flushed with the recent glories of Wagram, and pressed in rear, by the columns and batteries of Ney's corps, which had broken the Russian army at Friedland. In vain their thundering squadrons swept round these serried bands, and the light of the British bayonets was, for a time, lost in the blaze of the French cuirasses; from every throng the unbroken squares still emerged, pursuing their steady way amidst a terrific fire, and the 7th division successfully accomplished its long semi-circular sweeps, crossed the Turon, and took up its ground between that stream and the Coa; the centre of the army soon gained the ridge of heights for which it was destined; while the left, with invincible firmness, still made good the crags and the Chapel of Fuentes d'Onoro." When the whole had taken up their ground, Massena recoiled from the prospect of attacking such an enemy, as he had now combatted, posted as they were in dense masses on a ridge not two miles in length, and covered on either flank by a steep ravine; and confining himself to a cannonade along its front, redoubled his efforts on the left, where he sent the whole division of Count D'Erlon against the village of Fuentes d'Onoro.

The contests for possession of this disputed hamlet were sustained, repeated, and most sanguinary. The French artillery poured an incessant shower of shot and shells upon the devoted village; and, under the crushing fire of their guns, the enemy's battalions advanced only to be repelled. At last, determined to carry the place, Count D'Erlon ordered a final effort to be made. "Preceded by a cloud of Voltigeurs, a heavy column advanced up a street heaped with 'the dying and the dead,' and, unchecked by a well-directed fusillade, the enemy crowned the chapel ridge, and announced, with loud cheers, that Fuentes was at last their own. This triumph was a short one. Colonel Mackinnon directed the British battalions to advance, and gallantly that order was obeyed. Supported by the 71st and 79th, Colonel Wallace led his own regiment on, and his brief address—"At them, Eighty-Eighth!" was answered with the soul stirring huzza with which an Irish regiment rushes to the onset—"The Imperial Guard waited and received the charge; bayonet crossed bayonet, and the combatants fought hand to hand. But it was the struggle of a moment, and the best soldiers of France gave way before the Connaught Rangers. In the awful shock, many were impaled and lifted fairly from the ground; while broken, trodden down, and slaughtered, the routed enemy were forced in wild disorder by the Irish and Highland soldiers through the same street by which, in all the confidence of approaching victory, they had so recently and gallantly advanced."

The losses sustained on both sides were severe. The allied returns placed theirs at 1800, *hors de combat*, and, undoubtedly, the French casualties more than doubled that amount.

Of Wellington's generalship at Fuentes, it will be only necessary to say that it was a fine display of military genius, united to the daring which iron nerve only could resort to. Massena's was a tissue of mistakes. "He wasted his strength upon the village of Fuentes d'Onoro; and with the key of the position in his possession, he allowed this advantage to remain profitless, when, through Poco Velho he could have poured his whole force upon the plateau, and overwhelmed the British right wing by mere numbers. To indirect causes his failure has been ascribed. He had been superseded by Marmont; and, no unusual circumstance, his Generals of Division were quarrelling among themselves. The Imperial Guard did not charge at his order. Junot did not second him cordially; Loison neglected his instructions; Drouet sought to spare his own divisions in the fight; and Regnier remained perfectly inactive. Thus, the machinery of battle, being shaken, would not work. Whatever the cause might be, the movements of the French Marshal throughout the 5th, were marked by irregularity and delay; and his attacks upon opposite flanks, which, to ensure success, should have been simultaneous, were made with a considerable interval between them. In short, Mas-

sen's genius seemed asleep, and none could have imagined that the victor of Aspern, was he who failed so signally at Fuentes d'Onoro."

On the evening of his unsuccessful attack on Fuentes, Massena withdrew the 6th corps from before the village, and both armies bivouacked where they stood in action. On the 7th, he continued in front of the army he had assailed in vain, and, on the 8th, he retired for the road leading to Rodrigo.

With that unblushing assurance, however, for which the French Marshals had been remarkable, defeat was tortured into conquest, and Massena did not hesitate to call Fuentes d'Onoro a victory. But the falsity was self-apparent—the avowed object for which the battle had been fought was unattained—he failed in securing the beleaguered city, and Almeida was left to its fate. At this period an untoward event occurred. Brennier, the Governor of Almeida, succeeded in destroying the works of the fortress, and carrying off his garrison.

SIEGE OF BADAJOZ.

Early in May, Badajoz was invested by Marshal Beresford, Wellington having gone to Elvas. The siege was interrupted by Soult, and the sanguinary battle of Albuera resulted. That was the bloodiest transaction in Peninsular history—commencing at nine o'clock it closed at two—and of 6500 British soldiers on the battle ground 4407 were placed *hors de combat*!

Almost all the field officers were killed or wounded. Houghton died cheering his men on; and Myers and Duckworth, at the heads of their respective regiments. Stewart, Cole, Inglis, Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawke-shaw, were wounded. Few regiments could muster, in the evening, a third of the number with which they went into action; and the loss sustained by the 57th—known afterwards by the *soubriquet* of the "die-hards"—stands without a parallel. Its strength, when led into fire, was about five hundred and seventy bayonets; and its casualties, at two o'clock, were twenty-three officers, and above four hundred rank and file.

On Soult's retreat the siege of Badajoz was resumed. On the 3rd of June the allied batteries commenced breaching. On the 6th San Christoval was assaulted without success. On the 9th a second trial failed, and, on the 10th, the siege was raised.

On the French advance the allies crossed the Guadiana on the 17th, and, on the 19th, the French convoys reached Badajoz in safety, and the fortress was abundantly relieved. Wellington took a position on the Caya: a battle was expected; but, after a month's delay in Estremadura, the French Marshals separated, Marmont marching northward, and Soult retiring on Seville.

CIUDAD RODRIGO.

The recession of the French armies produced an immediate change in the position of the allies; and Lord Wellington, leaving Hill in the Alentejo in observation of Girard, changed his head quarters from the Quinta de St. João to Portalegre, and, subsequently, to Fuentes Guinaldo. The occupation of the line of St. Coa was highly desirable: it placed the posts and villages in the more immediate vicinity of Ciudad Rodrigo in the possession of the allied commanders, and thus cut off all casual supplies from a fortress already straitened by the Guerillas of Julian Sanchez, and separated from its covering army by a space of fifty miles. In fact, Rodrigo was the object a which Lord Wellington had secretly aimed, and measures had been taken to get up a powerful siege train from Lisbon, and forward all necessary arrangements for the immediate reduction of a fortress, which he justly considered, in a military point of view, to be invaluable.

Unable to besiege, Wellington closely blockaded the fortress; and his presence on the Coa paralysed the operation of the French Marshals, who were deterred from undertaking any distant operations by the threatening attitude the allied General had assumed. The introduction of a convoy and supplies was necessary to enable the place to hold out; and to escort it, a grand union of the corps of Marmont, Souham, and Dorsenne, was decided on.

This junction of the French corps produced a magnificent army. Their total strength was over sixty thousand men, of which the cavalry might be reckoned at nearly seven thousand, and the artillery comprised one hundred and ten guns. A finer army, for its numbers, was never ranged beneath the Eagles of Napoleon; for all the reinforcements were veteran soldiers, and of these, a large proportion had been detached from the Imperial Guard.

Aware of the intentions, but not well informed as to the amount of force the French Marshal would employ in relieving Ciudad Rodrigo, Wellington concentrated his divisions to prevent it, and the subsequent operations produced the affairs of El Bodon and Aldea da Ponte, on the 25th and 27th of September. After retiring the third division from the former, one of the finest and boldest operations on military record, Wellington, to save his light division, ventured and achieved a more daring exploit, than that when he crossed the Kaitna, at Assaye, by boldly taking a position in front of Marmont with 13,000 infantry and 2500 horsemen on the heights of Fuente Guinaldo.

For the un-professional reader to understand the amount of nerve such a determination would require, he must keep in recollection that Marmont had 60,000 men in hand, and that the allied divisions were widely separated. The left wing of the army was ten miles from Guinaldo, at Nava d'Aver, the 5th division, twelve miles off at Payo, and the light troops, still a league more distant, at Cespidoza.

"Early in the morning, a singular and formidable spectacle was presented to the isolated divisions resting on the crest of El Guinaldo. The French cavalry which had bivouacked in the woods, after escorting, rather than assailing, the third division on its retreat, appeared first in compact array, as if waiting for the signal to push on. By-and-by, nine battalions of infantry, attended by a proportionate quantity of artillery, made their appearance, and formed into columns, lines, echellons, and squares. Towards noon, twelve battalions of the Imperial Guard came upon the ground in one solid mass; and as each soldier was decked out with feathers and shoulder-knots of a bloody hue, their appearance was certainly imposing in no ordinary degree. The solid column, however, soon deployed into columns of battalions—a movement which was executed with a degree of quickness and accuracy quite admirable; and then, after having performed several other evolutions with equal precision, the guards piled their arms, and prepared to bivouac. Next came another division of infantry in rear of the guards, and then a fresh column of cavalry, till it was computed that the enemy had collected on this single point, a force of not less than 25,000 men. Nor did the muster cease to go on, as long as daylight lasted. To the very latest moment, we could observe men, horses, guns, carriages, tumbrils, and ammunition waggons, flocking into the encampment; as if it were the design of the French General to bring his whole disposable force to bear against the position of Fuente Guinaldo." We have been particular in noticing the position in which Lord Wellington was placed, as it is characteristic of the impulsive determination which, evinced on many trying occasions, obtained for the conqueror of Napoleon, the title of "the Iron Duke."

While Marmont was amusing himself with this singular review, Lord Wellington looked on with the calmness of an ordinary spectator. Scarcely a third of the Allied army was within his reach, and 60,000 troops, some of them hitherto unconquered, with 110 pieces of artillery, manœuvring barely out of cannon range. "It was at this moment that a Spanish General, remarkable for his zeal and gallantry, and a great favourite of Wellington's, observed to him—"Why it is enough to put any man in a fever." "I have done, according to the very best of my judgment, all that can be done," said Wellington, "therefore I care not either for the enemy in front, or for anything which they may say at home."

The military talents of Lord Wellington had been duly appreciated by the French; and his bold stand at Guinaldo, and masterly retreat upon the Coa, elicited their warmest admiration. In the conduct of these critical operations, the Allied General was personally present, and frequently—and, as his staff thought, imprudently—exposed himself to fire. On one occasion he narrowly escaped from being taken prisoner, having been deceived by the perplexing similarity of the dresses worn by the Allied and French light cavalry.

The vicinity of the Guadiana, where the cantonments of the Allies were taken up, proved fatally insalubrious, and in a short time 16,000 men were in hospital. Yet this dull season was not passed without occasional excitement. Julian Sanchez carried off the Governor of Rodrigo, and the whole of the cattle intended to supply the garrison; and the French Commissariat afforded thus a welcome supply in the Allied cantonments.

The surprise of Girard, at Arroyo de Molinos, was accomplished by Sir

Rowland Hill, on the morning of the 28th of October. This was a very brilliant affair; and Wellington's report bore honourable testimony to the success of his able lieutenant.

"The ultimate consequences," he writes, "of these operations I need not point out to your lordship. Their immediate result is the capture of one general of cavalry (Brun), one colonel of cavalry (the Prince d'Aremberg), one lieutenant-colonel (*Chéf l'Etat Major*), one aide-de-camp of General Girard, two lieutenant-colonels, one *commissaire de guerre*, thirty captains and inferior officers, and upwards of 100 men, already sent off under an escort to Portalegre; the whole of the enemy's artillery, baggage, and commissariat, some magazines of corn, which he had collected at Carceres and Merida, and the contribution of money which he had exacted from the former town, besides the total dispersion of General Girard's corps."

The defence of Tarifa, succeeded the surprise at Arroyo de Molinos; and in point of dashing gallantry these affairs might be contrasted. With an open breach, sixty feet wide, the besieged stood the assault. It was repulsed; and Laval, despairing of success, buried part of his siege artillery, abandoned the remainder, and retreated.

The siege of Ciudad Rodrigo immediately followed the gallant defence of Tarifa. On the 8th of January, the Light Division forded the river at La Caridad, and formed the investment; and the engineers' stores were brought across the Agueda by the bridge, and parked 800 yards from the fortress. At eight o'clock the same evening, the redoubt upon the upper Teson was carried by assault. On the 11th, the approaches were advanced, and batteries constructed. On the 14th, the garrison sallied, and damaged the works; and on the 19th, Wellington, finding that Marmont was concentrating to relieve the fortress, made a bold departure from the rules of science, and determined to storm the place without waiting to blow in the countercarp.

The assault was intrusted to the 3rd and Light Divisions; and, as the Cathedral clock struck "seven," the attempt was made, and, after a fearful trial, it proved successful.

On learning that Rodrigo was besieged, Marmont had hastily concentrated the troops previously in cantonments; but, as the intelligence had only reached him on the 15th at Valladolid, it was the 25th before he was in a condition that would warrant him in disturbing the investment. At Salamanca, the French corps had united on the 25th, forming a grand army of 45,000 men, but they were still four marches from the fortress, which six days before had fallen. The junction of 5000 men, detached from Hill's corps, rendered Lord Wellington strong enough to abide a trial, if Marmont should move forward to the Agueda, on learning that Rodrigo had been carried; but the French Marshal retired again to Valladolid, his troops exhausted by forced marches, and himself unable to comprehend what ulterior objects his dangerous opponent might have in view.

Badajoz was Wellington's next object, and although limited in time and means, he determined to reduce it. Convoys had reached the city; but in shells and powder the fortress was indifferently supplied. Wellington was worse prepared to carry out a scientific siege, than Phillipon to withstand one. He had no mortars—his engineers were few and inexperienced—the weather was unfavourable—the equinox at hand—and the French armies uniting to relieve the place, but still he determined to attempt it.

Lord Wellington's plan of attack was originally confined to the storming of the bastions, and the carrying of the castle by escalade. The breach of La Trinidad was to be assaulted by the fourth division, under Major-General Colville, and that of Santa Maria, by the light, under Lieutenant-Colonel Barnard; while the third division were ordered to assail the Castle. The ravelin of San Roque was also to be attempted by detachments of covering parties from the trenches; and to distract the attention of the garrison, a false alarm was to be made against the Pardalevas. The breach in the curtain induced Lord Wellington to enlarge his plan of attack, and, on the 6th, a memorandum was addressed to Major-General Colville to allot a portion of the advance of the fourth division, to storm the breach in the curtain between the bastions Santa Maria and La Trinidad. Further, the garrisons being hourly improving their defensive expedients, Lieutenant General Leith was directed to employ a brigade of the fifth division to escalate the bastion of St. Vincente, or the curtain and flank between it and the bridge over the Guadiana, and to be prepared to support this brigade with the remainder of his division.

Of that glorious assault we cannot even pretend to give a summary; but it is a singular circumstance, perhaps without a parallel in the history of sieges, that an army with a powerful artillery, after twenty days open trenches, and having formed three good practicable breaches in the body of a place, should, at the moment of giving the assault, employ two divisions on other points to escalate the defences which were entire, and that each of these escalades should be crowned with complete success, whilst their efforts against the breaches were attended with utter discomfiture.

On the day of the investment, the garrison consisted, by French returns, of 4742 men. About 1200 were rendered *hors de combat* during the siege, and 3500 were made prisoners. The five French battalions in Badajoz had no eagles; but the colours of the garrison, with those of the regiment of Hesse Darmstadt, were taken, and transmitted by Lord Wellington to the Prince Regent.

The loss of the victors was most severe; for, in the siege and storm, nearly 5000 men were killed and wounded. Lieutenant-Colonel McLeod, of the 43rd, and Major O'Hare, of the 95th, died sword in hand in the breaches; and five generals, namely, Picton, Colville, Kempt, Walker, and Bowes, were wounded.

That the attacks upon the breaches should fail may be collected from a simple statement. "When the columns arrived before them in the morning, no enemy to oppose, and with daylight to direct their entrance, time was required to remove the numerous obstacles which presented themselves, before a descent into the town was possible. Veiled in darkness, and desperately defended, who could surmount those formidable barriers and live?"

When Lord Wellington resumed his operations, and chose the northern provinces for the scene, his first object was to sever the corps of Soult and Marmont, and interrupt their communications.

Below Arzobispo the bridges of the Tagus had been broken; and the passage of the river was maintained by means of pontoons and boats, thrown across the stream of Almaraz by the French Marshals, after its noble bridge had been destroyed. A post of such importance had not been neglected; and on both banks of the river strong works had been erected for its defence. On the left bank, a well-constructed tête-dupont was overlooked by Fort Napoleon, a redoubt, having an interior intrenchment, and loop-holed tower, and with nine heavy guns, and a garrison of four hundred men.

Sir Rowland Hill crossed the Guadiana on the 12th of May, having misled the French Generals in his vicinity by movements which would infer a very different design to what he was bent on; and, by a most laborious march through mountains hitherto considered impassable for troops, reached Marchete, and, after storming the forts, and blowing up the magazines—the guns were thrown into the Tagus—the palisades, barriers, stores of timber and of tools, the pontoons and their carriages, were consumed by fire, and the works utterly effaced and destroyed.

BATTLE OF SALAMANCA.

On the 13th of June, Lord Wellington crossed the Agueda, and, on the 16th, bivouacked on the banks of the Torines, behind which the French had retired. On the 17th he entered Salamanca, and, while the 6th division besieged the forts erected by Marmont to command the city, the remainder of the allied army halted on the heights of San Christoval.

When the forts were severely pressed by the besiegers, Marmont, having reinforced his army, advanced to relieve the invested garrisons, and some skirmishing took place on the 21st and 22d. On the 27th the forts surrendered; and, failing in the object of his expedition, on the same night Marmont retreated.

The enthusiastic welcome which Wellington received in Salamanca, did not prevent him from resuming active operations. Marmont was again in the field; and during the 19th and 20th, each army continued in each other's presence, and nothing could be more imposing, as a military spectacle, than the march, in parallel lines, of ninety thousand men, anxious mutually to fall on, and waiting for the first false movement as the signal of attack.

For three days, and on both sides, the manœuvring was perfect. Every hour was expected to witness the collision of the rival armies; both were burning for a battle; but neither would give a chance away. At two in

the afternoon Marmont made an attempt to outflank the allied right by extension of his left. It was a fatal movement, and "Wellington fixed it with the stroke of a thunder-bolt."

Did space permit, we would detail at large the progress of a battle on which, as it has been justly remarked, Wellington might have safely rested his claim for immortality. The opening of the fight was interesting—the close was picturesque—and we shall give both.

"No conflict had been so long desired, and none more unexpectedly brought on. The baggage of the Allied army was moving towards the Rodrigo road; the commissariat had already retired; evening was coming fast; and still no note of preparation indicated that the storm of battle was about to burst. Marmont, fearing that his cautious opponent would avoid a contest by retreating, hurried his own dispositions to force a battle, and Thomier's division, with his light cavalry and fifty guns, was put in rapid march. The centre columns were debouching from the forest, and Lord Wellington's corresponding movement was to be Marmont's signal to fall on. Suddenly, the inactive masses, which hitherto had been resting on the English heights, assumed a threatening attitude. Was it a feint? A few minutes removed that doubt—the Allied brigades closed up rapidly on each other—and the third division, in four columns, rushed down the hill, and he who would have been the assailant was assailed."

When the day was irretrievably lost, Marmont's gallantry saved the French army from destruction. His flank was turned; for the third division was moving round his left, while his assailants, with increasing numbers, were pressing him hard in front; and, although the fire of the French artillery was rapid and well directed, it could not arrest the British advance, and the sixth division, with a brigade of the fourth, mounted the hill with fearless intrepidity. Darkness had fallen, but in a stream of fire the movements of the combatants could be traced. "On the side of the British a sheet of flame was seen, sometimes advancing with an even front, sometimes pricking forth in spear heads, now falling back in waving lines, and anon darting upwards in one vast pyramid, the apex of which often approached, yet never gained, the actual summit of the mountain; but the French musketry, rapid as lightning, sparkled along the brow of the height with unvarying fullness, and with what destructive effects the dark gaps and changing shapes of the adverse fire showed too plainly. Yet, when Pakenham had again turned the enemy's left, and Foy's division had glided into the forest, Marmont's task was completed, the effulgent crest of the ridge became black and silent, and the whole French army vanished, as it were, in the darkness."

The escape of the beaten divisions by the ford at Alba de Tormes—the gallant affair at La Serna—the passage of the Guadarama mountains—and the entrance of the Allies into Madrid, followed the victory of Salamanca. So far the success of Lord Wellington was triumphant—but the game of war is most uncertain. The Allied General advanced from the capital—besieged Burgos—failed, through want of means—in turn fell back—and, after a splendid retreat, took his old position on the heights of San Cristoval.

Both armies needed repose, and the losses on both sides were enormous. During the brief space of twelve days, 20,000 men were rendered *hors de combat*. By the returns the French had one field-marshal and seven general officers; the allies one field-marshal and four generals, killed and wounded. Three partial actions and a battle were fought—the French marching two hundred miles, and the Allies one hundred and sixty. Of trophies, the French lost many; the Allies none.

BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

After measures had been employed successfully by Lord Wellington to produce a military reform, and render the Allies more efficient than before, in the April of 1813, he found himself in a condition to take the field, and open his last and most brilliant campaign. In a sweeping summary, the initial operations, which ended in the total defeat of the armies of the south, the centre, and of Portugal, must be dismissed. The execution was in keeping with the design, and a finer military conception was never carried out.

Aware that the defences of the Douro had been strengthened, he determined to avoid the danger and delay which would be required in forcing them; and by a fine combination of the Anglo-Portuguese army with that of Galicia, he gained the northern bank of the river, taking in reverse the line of defensive posts on the Douro, and opening to attack the whole right flank of the French army, whose scattered corps were too loosely cantoned to admit of rapid concentration. Thus seventy thousand Portuguese and British, eight thousand Spaniards from Estremadura, and twelve thousand Galicians—that is to say, ninety thousand fighting men, would be suddenly placed on a new front, and, marching abreast against the surprised and separated masses of the enemy, would drive them reft to the Pyrenees.

We pass over the skirmish at Aldea Lengua—the passage of the Esola and the Carrion—the affairs at Morales, Baniel, and San Millan, until the retreating armies of the intrusive King took a position in front of Vittoria. The ground was selected by Marshal Jourdan to receive battle on—it was strong generally, but its fault was that it was too extensive.

In numerical strength, the advantage was with Lord Wellington; in military composition, it remained with Joseph Buonaparte. Deducting the sixth division left at Medina del Pomar, the allies had 60,000 Anglo-Portuguese, with 20,000 Spanish troops upon the field. Of this force 10,000 were cavalry; and the artillery had 90 pieces of cannon. The French were inferior by 10,000; but in cavalry, they were stronger; and in artillery, superior by sixty pieces.

The passage of the Zadorra by its different bridges—the beautiful accuracy with which the movements were simultaneously executed—the sparkling of glittering masses in brilliant sunshine—the roar of cannon—the deafening fusillade—succeeded by the total *derout*—all afforded a *coup d'œil* never to be forgotten.

The results of this splendid victory, were the total disorganization of the united armies of France—the loss of its *matériel*, artillery, and baggage—the whole plunder and effects of camp and court alike—a Marshal's baton, and the colours of the 100th Regiment.

The general results of the operations consequent on the victory of Vittoria, a summary will best describe. In six weeks, and with scarcely 100,000 men, Lord Wellington marched six hundred miles, passed six great rivers, gained one decisive battle, invested two fortresses, and after driving 120,000 veteran troops from Spain, "stood on the summit of the Pyrenees a recognised conqueror."

BATTLES OF THE PYRENEES.—SIEGE OF ST. SEBASTIAN.—THE BIDASSOA.

Following up his success, Lord Wellington invested San Sebastian, and blockaded Pamplona. An attempt to storm the former fort was repulsed, while the blockade of the latter eventually produced its surrender. Soult, who, after Joseph's defeat at Vittoria, had been sent from Germany to supersede him, now took the command of the French armies, as *Lieutenant de l'Empereur*; and, after addressing the beaten soldiery in singularly bad taste, and in language that proved fatally unpropitious, he hastened to relieve the beleaguered fortresses; and the result was, "the battles of the Pyrenees."

The summary of these splendid actions may be easily given. For nine days the armies had been in each other's presence, and in severe operations and desperate fighting, these days were unexampled. The allied casualties exceeded seven thousand men—and the French, doubling that number by some estimates, and trebling it according to others, might be taken at a mean, and safely set down at fifteen thousand. This was, in a military view, a serious calamity; but, in a moral one, it was still greater. The Spaniards had already gained a reputation for efficiency at Vittoria, and in the combats of the Pyrenees it was gallantly sustained. The Portuguese had long since been accounted "worthy to stand side by side with a British regiment," and they vindicated that character most gloriously. With the English, a superiority over every other Continental army was established—for, assaulting or assailed, they had proved themselves unconquerable. Well might Wellington afterwards declare, that, "with the army which had crossed the Pyrenees, he could do anything, or go anywhere."

In return for the *baton* of Marshal Jourdan, that of England had been sent Lord Wellington by the Prince Regent; and immediately after his victories in the Pyrenees, he was appointed to the Colonelcy of the Blues. The fall of St. Sebastian, by assault, occurred on the 31st August; the Castle

capitulated on the 10th of September. On the 10th October the Bidassoa was passed; and on the 31st Pamplona surrendered.

NIVELLE.—ORTHEZ.

The next operation of Lord Wellington was to carry the fortified position of the Nivelle. The severity of the weather delayed the attempt; but on the 10th a beautiful morning opened on a glorious day, and "ninety thousand combatants of all arms and ranks, above seventy four thousand being Anglo-Portuguese, descended to the battle, and with them went ninety-five pieces of artillery, which, under the command of Colonel Dickson, were all with inconceivable vigour and activity thrown into action."

Never were Lord Wellington's dispositions more fortunate in conception and effect. Before daybreak, columns were within pistol-shot of the works they were to assault, and the enemy were ignorant that any force was in their front more formidable than the ordinary pickets. The darkness gave place to morning. Three guns pealed from the mountain heights of Achubia; and, before their smoke had cleared away, the columns of attack issued from their concealment, and the battles of the Nivelle commenced. The result ended in the deforcement of the French—the capture of fifty-one pieces of artillery and 1400 prisoners.

On the 13th of December, after a series of affairs which had extended from the 9th, the passage of the Nive was accomplished.

The battles of the Nive, like those of the Pyrenees, were obstinate and sanguinary, and the losses sustained were consequently heavy. The French fought better than when defending their position on the Nivelle; and Soult who was never wanting in ability, never displayed more than on this occasion. The often-repeated effort cost him his best troops, and forced upon him the mortifying conviction that, brave as they were and admirably disciplined, they were, nevertheless, inferior to their opponents—for all circumstances here had been in his favour. The points of attack were at his own choice; and, whenever he attacked, he brought into the field a greatly superior force; yet everywhere he had been defeated.

Winter intervened; and the state of the weather and the roads for a time arrested hostilities. During that interval, Soult received large reinforcements, and took a position equally adapted for aggression or defence. His wings were well advanced; but their respective flanks were safely rested, and each upon a fortress; while, in the centre, the command of the Adour and Gave de Pau enabled the French Marshal to concentrate there in force, thus giving him a mass of troops in hand, ready for an offensive movement when any opportunity might occur; while, from his lateral communications, he could repel a flank attack with celerity and effect.

To force this position, affairs from the 14th to the 17th of February occurred, all in favour of the Allies. Soult, on hearing that his left was seriously endangered, marched rapidly on Sauveterre. The Allied posts were in the meantime established on the left of the Gave d'Oleron, from Sauveterre to its junction with the Gave de Pau, and Lord Wellington's bold and brilliant operations followed in quick succession, and the brilliant field of Orthez resulted.

We pass over, for want of space, the entrance of the Adour by the British flotilla, the passage of the river, and the investment of Bayonne.

Orthez was one of the most decisive defeats that Soult had ever yet received; and accident alone prevented its results from being ruinous. Had the cavalry been enabled to get forward with more celerity, a large portion of the French infantry must have been unavoidably cut off. To another circumstance, also, the comparatively low amount of the French casualties may be attributed. A defeat, complete as that of Orthez, would have most probably entailed upon the vanquished army a terrible disaster, had not Lord Wellington been prevented from following up his success, and pressing his advantages by personal direction. At the very moment when the confusion in the enemy's ranks was increasing, a spent shot struck the pommel of his sword, and caused a painful contusion. Lord Wellington with difficulty kept his saddle, and an intersected country, which otherwise he would have crossed at speed, was, therefore, slowly traversed. Had he been allowed to urge it on, the pursuit would have been ardently and successfully continued, but it ceased at Sault de Navailles—and night closed upon the victors and the vanquished.

The losses on both sides were heavy, but that of the French was enormous; with six guns, their casualties, according to different statements, ranged from 5000 to 10,000 men.

BATTLE OF TOULOUSE.

The splendid action of Aire, fought and won by Hill, succeeded. That at Tarbes was equally fortunate. Operations followed rapidly, and the victory of Toulouse crowned the story of this campaign.

This battle requires some notice, as the French have modestly laid claim to it as a victory. When night ended the conflict, how stood the issue of the day? Three sides of the city were shut up, and the place was literally under the guns of the allied divisions—St. Cyprien might be ruined in an hour—and, therefore, while reiterating his entreaties that Suchet should advance, Soult added a belief that he could not hold his positions, and observed, "that it was not improbable but he should be forced to fight a passage from the city." On the night of the 11th, he abandoned Toulouse, and made a forced march of two and twenty miles to Villefranche—leaving two generals, sixteen hundred disabled men, immense magazines, and eight pieces of artillery to the conquerors.

An old school General observed, "Another victory will ruin me!" Soult had the advantage—for a second in his case was unnecessary.

The sortie at Bayonne—an affair infinitely disgraceful to Thourvenot, who commanded—involved a wanton loss of life, when Napoleon had actually abdicated. Soult presently sent in his adherence to the Bourbons; Ferdinand was returned to the Spaniards; the French garrisons evacuated the few fortresses they held; and after a general armistice peace was concluded, and Lord Wellington went Ambassador to Paris.

On the 10th of June, 1814, the Duke of Wellington rejoined the headquarters at Bordeaux; and, in a final order, took leave of the most glorious army that ever Britain embattled on a field—sacred be the memory of—THE OLD PENINSULARS!

RETURN TO ENGLAND.

In England Wellington's reception was enthusiastic; and on the 28th of June, in ducal dignity, he entered the House of Peers:—

"Shortly after three o'clock, the Lord-Chancellor having taken his seat, the Duke of Wellington was introduced, supported by the Dukes of Richmond and Beaufort, in military uniform, and in their ducal robes. Being arrived in the body of the house, the Duke made the usual obeisance to the Lord-Chancellor, and showed his patent and right of summons: these Baron and Viscount, Earl, Marquis, and lastly as Duke, were each read by the clerks. The oaths were then administered, and the Test Rolls were signed by him. He then, accompanied by his noble supporters, took his seat on the duke's bench, and saluted the house in the usual manner, by rising, taking off his hat, and bowing respectfully. On this interesting occasion, the Duchess of Wellington and the Countess of Mornington were present, and the honours conferred upon a conqueror were witnessed by those to whom he was most endeared—a mother and a wife."

CONGRESS OF VIENNA.

After making, in the autumn, a military survey of the Netherlands, and reporting to Lord Bathurst its capabilities of defence, early in the February of 1815, the Duke of Wellington proceeded to Vienna, to replace Lord Castlereagh at the Congress, which had been sitting since the preceding October; and, when there, intelligence reached the assembled diplomatists that one of the most unexpected events in history had occurred—Napoleon's escape from Elba. A declaration was instantly signed by the Austrian, Spanish, French, British, Portuguese, Prussian, Russian, and Swedish Plenipotentiaries, declaring the ex-Emperor without the pale of civil and social relations; and Austria, Prussia, and Russia placed their armies at the disposal of the King of France. On the 25th of March, Wellington was named Generalissimo in the Netherlands; and, on the 5th of April, he reached Brussels, and assumed the chief command.

CAMPAIGN IN THE NETHERLANDS.

How formidable there appeared Napoleon was considered, may be col-

lected from the extent of means employed to crush him for the second time. Murat had armed, evidently to co-operate with his brother-in-law, Napoleon. To hold the Neapolitan army in check a corps of 150,000 Austrian troops was made available. Two hundred thousand Austrian, Bavarian, and Confederate Germans were ordered to collect upon the Upper Rhine—an equal number of Prussian, British, and Hanoverian were to occupy Flanders—the whole to be supported by a grand reserve of 200,000 Russians—and thus more than 700,000 men would promptly be in active operation.

The events of "the Hundred Days" belong to history, and we pass them. Before daylight, on the 12th of June, Napoleon quitted the capital, and, on the 14th, joined the army collected on the frontier. Ere sunrise next morning he was dressed, and at dawn he was on horseback. His *corps d'armée* were already in march—the Prussian outposts driven in—and a last campaign began, which three days virtually concluded.

The opening events are easily condensed. While Napoleon with his right and centre was attacking the front of the Prussian position, Grouchy manoeuvred by the Namur road upon its flank, and simultaneously, the 1st and 2nd Corps, with four cavalry divisions, were turned against the British positions. When Blücher, on the evening of the 15th, had been deforced at Charleroi, the advanced corps of the Prince of Orange had also been driven back from Franes—but a fresh brigade was promptly moved up—and before the morning of the 16th, the greater portion of the ground had been recovered.

The Fifth (British) Division, after a twenty miles march, reached the scene of action at two o'clock, when the day was all but hopeless. Ney, perceiving the reinforcement, pushed every arm into action, and scarcely permitted the British regiments to deploy from the road. But his efforts were unsuccessful; and, to use Foy's words, applied to the infantry at Waterloo, "the battalions seemed rooted to the ground." The result, a quotation from a popular work, will best describe:—

"The men were falling by hundreds—death was busy everywhere—but not a cheek blanched, and not a foot recoiled! The courage of these untaunted soldiers needed no incitement; but, on the contrary, the efforts of their officers were constantly required to restrain the burning ardour that would, if unrepressed, have led to ruinous results. Maddened to see their ranks thinned by renewed assaults, which they were merely suffered to repel, they panted for the hour of action. The hot blood of Erin was boiling for revenge; and even the cool endurance of the Scotch began to yield, and a murmur was sometimes heard of, 'Why are we not led forward?'"

"At this juncture, the division of Guards, under General Maitland, arrived from Enghien, and after a march of fifteen hours, without anything to eat or drink, they gallantly advanced to the charge, and in half an hour completely cleared the wood. Though they became masters of the Bois de Bossu, they found difficulty in emerging from its shelter. As often as they attempted to come out, a tremendous fire of round and grape-shot was opened by the French batteries, followed by a charge of cavalry. When they retired, and the enemy endeavoured to penetrate the wood, they were received in turn with a steady and well directed volley of musketry, which compelled them also to return. These alternate attacks continued for nearly three hours. At one time, the enemy was furiously encountered by a square of Black Brunswickers, while the British, rapidly lining the ditches, kept up a most destructive fire; but the loss was very severe, and the men found great difficulty in forming line again. The undiminished gallantry of the Guards was the more remarkable, as they were composed chiefly of young soldiers, and volunteers from the militia, who had never been in action. Some of these noble fellows were so overcome with fatigue, that when they entered the wood they sank down, and had only sufficient strength to cheer their comrades to the onset. The charge was dreadful—the conflict obstinately maintained on either side—the French, from their superiority in cavalry and artillery, committing a slaughter, which was well repaid by the terrible fire of the British musketry."

"Evening was now closing in the attacks of the enemy became fewer and feebler; a brigade of heavy cavalry and horse artillery came up; and, worn out by the sanguinary struggle of six long hours, the assailants ceased their attack, and the 5th Division, with the 3rd, and the Guards took up a position for the night on the ground their unbought heroism had held through this bloody day."

"Ney fell back upon the road to Franes. The moon rose angrily—still a few cannon shot were heard after daylight had departed; but gradually they ceased. The fires were lighted, and such miserable provisions as could be procured, were furnished to the harassed soldiery; and while strong pickets were posted in the front and flanks, the remnant of the British, and their brave allies, piled arms, and stretched themselves on the battle-field."

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

On the 17th, Wellington ably retreated through Genappe, and on the 18th, morning dawned, after a tempestuous night, on the British divisions and their allies in position upon the slope of Waterloo.

At a quarter to eleven, the French second corps advanced in close columns against Hougoumont, and the battle commenced. The efforts were repeated to carry this important post, only to be bloodily repulsed and the resistance of the Guards was heroic. At last, despairing of success, the French artillery opened with shells upon the house—the old tower of Hougoumont was quickly in a blaze—the fire reached the chapel, and many of the wounded, both assailants and defenders, there perished miserably. But still, though the flames raged above, shells burst around, and shot ploughed through the shattered walls and windows, the Guards nobly held the place, and Hougoumont remained untenable.

The left centre of the position was next furiously assailed, and as gallantly defended. Drouot, after driving off a Belgian brigade, pressed forward with all the assurance of success. But a lion was in the path—for Picton was there. The fifth division delivered a rolling volley, that annihilated the head of the French columns. Their leader thundered "Charge!"—a bullet perforated his forehead—he dropped from his horse a dead man; but on went his glorious division with levelled bayonets, and the French columns were pushed down the slope with heavy loss.

A Brigade of Cuirassiers and Lancers advanced against the flank of the British Infantry; but Lord Anglesey was ready to receive it. The Second Heavy Brigade were launched against the enemy, and the Royals, Greys, and Enniskilleners, charged with a vigour and effect that bore down every opposition. In vain mailed Cuirassier and formidable Lancer met these splendid horsemen. They were overwhelmed; and the French Infantry, already broken and disorganised by the 5th division, fell in hundreds beneath the swords of the English Dragoons. The eagles of the 45th and 105th regiments, and upwards of two thousand prisoners, were the trophies of this brilliant exploit.

To carry on a description of the field, would be to detail a continued series of fierce attack, most bloodily repelled. Hougoumont alone cost Napoleon 6000 men; and when evening set upon his routed army, the burning ruins were still in possession of its gallant defenders.

One solitary success attended the efforts of the Emperor, and he obtained a temporary possession of the farm-house of La Haye Sainte. Its defence had been entrusted to Colonel Baring, with a detachment of the German Legion amounting to about three hundred men, subsequently reinforced by two hundred more. The attack begun at one o'clock, and continued above two hours. Several guns were brought to bear upon the house—but the conflict was chiefly maintained by massed columns of infantry, who advanced with such fury, that they actually grasped at the rifles of the besieged as they projected through the loop-holes. Four successive attempts were thus made, and three times the assailants were gallantly beaten off. Twice the enemy succeeded in setting fire to a barn or out-house, contiguous to the main building—but both times it was fortunately extinguished. The numbers of the garrison, at length, began to diminish—many were either killed or wounded—and at the same time their ammunition was failing. It became impossible to supply the one, or reinforce the other, for there was no practicable communication with the rest of the army. The men, reduced to five cartridges each, were enjoined to be not only sparing of their fire, but to aim well. A fourth attack was now made, by two columns, stronger than either of the preceding, and the enemy soon perceived that the garrison could not return a shot. Emboldened by this discovery, they instantly rushed forward, and burst open one of the doors; but a desperate resistance was still made with the sword bayonet, through the windows and embrasures. They then ascended the walls and roof, whence they securely fired down upon their adversaries. This unequal



WATERLOO.—CHARGE OF THE FRENCH CUIRASSIERS.

For a short time, four battalions of the Old Guard, comprising the only reserve which Napoleon had left unemployed, formed square, and checked the movements of the cavalry. But, panic-stricken and disorganised, the French resistance was short and feeble. The Prussian cannon thundered in their rear; the British bayonet was flashing in their front; and, unable to stand the terror of the charge, they broke and fled. A dreadful and indiscriminate carnage ensued. The great road was choked with the equipages, and cumbered with the dead and dying; while the fields, as far as the eye could reach, were covered with a host of helpless fugitives. Courage and discipline were forgotten—Napoleon's army of yesterday was now a splendid wreck. His own words best describe it—"It was a total rout!"

In the operations, including those of Quatre Bras, the retreat on the 17th, and "red Waterloo" on the 18th, 2432 were killed, 9528 wounded, and 1875 missing, according to the Allied returns. Of the French casualties no correct estimate can be made. The Imperial Guard lost half its numbers; the cavalry was completely ruined—the artillery abandoned—and, if the number be computed, including those left upon the battle-ground, sabred in the pursuit, captured on the field, or made prisoners by the Prussians, with the still greater portion of fugitives who disbanded on entering France, and returned to their respective homes, the total losses sustained by Napoleon, and consequent on his defeat at Waterloo, cannot in round numbers amount to less than forty thousand men!

The *débris* of the French army retired upon Laon, and Grouchy made an able retreat upon Paris. The advance of the Allies towards the capital—the affairs which took place—the abdication of Napoleon on the 22nd of July—and the restoration of the Bourbons on the 7th of August—closed "the strange eventful history" of the Hundred Days, restored peace to Europe, and virtually terminated the military career of the Great Captain of the Age—ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

CIVIL AND POLITICAL CAREER.

We have but slightly sketched the earlier career of Wellesley in the East and shown that in India those germinations first appeared, which afterwards produced a rich and glorious harvest. With him the opening promises of celebrity were amply realised hereafter: the workings of the master mind were readily discerned, and in his first exploits there is a brightness of conception, a boldness in execution, that warrants the fullest comparison in martial daring between the conqueror of Lodi and the victor of Assaye. The future development of this great man's character is so ably delineated by a living author, that we do not hesitate in extracting this admirable summary, which, as an historic sketch, has seldom been surpassed:—

"The brilliancy of his course is well known; an unbroken series of tri-

conflict could not long continue, and, after an heroic defence, the post was surrendered.

As evening advanced, on both sides anxiety increased. The constant wasting of his noble battalions alarmed Wellington—for to every human effort a limit must be assigned; while Napoleon began to believe that Soult's estimate of British endurance was correct, and that the squares might be annihilated but not deformed. At last, the welcome sound of distant artillery was heard in the direction of St. Lambert, and a staff officer reported that the head of the Prussian column was already in the Bois de Paris. Advised, therefore, that his gallant ally would presently come into action, the Duke made fresh preparations to repel what he properly anticipated would be the last and the most desperate effort of his opponent.

The Prussians debouched rapidly from the wood of Frichermont. To check them, half Napoleon's right wing was thrown back *en potence*; while a last grand effort was made to dislodge infantry which, as Foy happily remarked, seemed "rooted in the ground."

These attacks were bloodily repelled. Ney's failure had been terribly dispiriting to the troops employed; and the Prussians had come up in such force as rendered the resistance of the French right wing very questionable. The crisis of the day was come. The terrible repulse of the Imperial Guard had been accompanied by Zethin debouching from the Ohain road, and the word to advance was given.

The infantry in one long and splendid line, moved onward with a thrilling cheer, the horse artillery galloped up, and opened with case shot on the disordered masses, which, but a brief space before, had advanced with such imposing resolution. Instantly the Allied cavalry were let loose; and, charging headlong into the enemy's columns, they turned retreat into rout, and closed the history of one of the bloodiest struggles upon record.

umphs from Vimiero to Toulouse—the entire expulsion of the French from the Peninsula; the planting of the British standard in the heart of France: the successive defeat of those veteran Marshals who had so long conquered in every country in Europe; the overthrow of Waterloo; the hunting of Napoleon from his throne; and the termination, in one day, of the military empire founded on twenty years of conquest. But these results, great and imperishable as they are, convey no adequate idea either of the difficulties with which Wellington had to contend, or of the merit due to his transcendent exertions. With an army seldom superior, in point of numbers, to a single corps of the French Marshal's; with troops dispirited by recent disaster, and



THE DUKE AT WATERLOO.

wholly unaided by practical experience; without any compulsory law to recruit his ranks, or any strong national passion for war to supply its want, he was called on to combat, successively, vast armies, composed, in great part, of veteran soldiers—perpetually filled by the terrible powers of the conscription—headed by chiefs, who, risen from the ranks, and practically acquainted with the duties of war in all its grades, had fought their way from the grenadier's musket to the Marshal's baton, and were followed by men who, trained in the same school, were animated by the same ambition. Still more, he was the General of a nation in which the chivalrous and mercantile qualities are strongly blended together; which, covetous beyond measure of



THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA.



THE DUKE WITH THE SWORD OF STATE, AS PRIME MINISTER.



THE DUKE IN HIS ROBES AS CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

warlike renown, is ruinously impatient of pacific preparation; which starves its establishment when danger is over, and yet frets at defeat when its terrors are present; which dreams in a war of Cressy and Agincourt, and ruminates in peace on economic reduction. He combatted at the head of an alliance, formed of heterogeneous States, composed of discordant ma-

terials, in which ancient animosities and religious divisions were im- perfectly suppressed by recent fervour at present danger; in which corruption often paralysed the arm of patriotism, and jealousy withheld the resources of power. He acted under the direction of a Ministry which, albeit zealous and active, was alike inexperienced in hostility, and un-

skilled in combinations—in presence of an opposition which, powerful in eloquence—supported by faction—was prejudiced against the war, and indefatigable to arrest it; for the interests of a people who, al- though ardent in the cause, and enthusiastic in its support, were im- patient of disaster, and prone to depression, and whose military resources,



APSLEY HOUSE, HYDE-PARK-CORNER.

how great soever, were dissipated in the protection of a Colonial Empire which encircled the earth."

"Capable, when the occasion required, or opportunity was afforded, of the most daring enterprises, he was yet cautious and wary in his general conduct; prodigal of his own labour, regardless of his own person, he was avaricious only of the blood of his soldiers; endowed by nature with an indomitable soul, a constitution of iron, he possessed that tenacity of purpose and indefatigable activity, which is ever necessary to great achievements; prudent in council, sagacious in design, he was yet prompt and decided in action; no general ever resolved the probable danger of an enterprise more anxiously before undertaking it—none possessed in a higher degree the eagle eye, the arm of steel, necessary to carry it into execution. By the steady application of these rare qualities, he was enabled to raise the British military force from an unworthy state of depression to an unparalleled pitch of glory; to educate, in presence of the enemy, not only his soldiers in the field, but his rulers in the Cabinet; to silence, by avoiding disaster, the clamour of his enemies; to strengthen, by progressive success, the ascendancy of his friends; to augment, by the exhibition of its results, the energy of the Government; to rouse, by deeds of glory, the enthusiasm of the people; skilfully seizing the opportunity of victory, he studiously avoided the chances of defeat; aware that a single disaster would at once endanger his prospects, discourage his countrymen, and strengthen his opponents, he was content to forego many opportunities of earning fame, and stifle many desires to grasp at glory; magnanimously checking the aspirations of genius, he trusted for ultimate success rather to perseverance in a wise, than audacity in a daring cause. He thus succeeded, during six successive campaigns, with a comparatively inconsiderable army, in maintaining his ground against the vast and veteran forces of Napoleon, in defeating successively all his Marshals, and baffling successively all his enterprises, and finally rousing such an enthusiastic spirit in the British empire, as enabled its Government to put forth its immense resources on a scale worthy of its present greatness and renown, and terminate a contest of twenty years, by planting the British standard on the walls of Paris."

A few of the leading incidents in the after life of the illustrious subject of this hurried Memoir, may be rapidly detailed. An enthusiastic desire to perpetuate the name of Wellington, and the crowning scene of his triumphant career, pervaded every class of his countrymen. In Ireland, a noble testimonial was erected in the Phoenix Park; and in the British capital, on the second anniversary of his proud victory over "the Master Spirit of the Age," the Bridge of Waterloo was opened in person by the Duke, and the procession was honoured by the presence of the Prince Regent and Duke of York. On the 9th of November, the mansion and estates of Strathfieldsaye, were purchased by Parliamentary Commissioners, and conferred upon the Conqueror of Napoleon.

An unsuccessful attempt on the 13th of February, by a fellow named Cantillon, to assassinate the Duke in the Rue des Champs Elysées, happily failed, and in the latter end of September, 1818, he quitted the French capital, to attend a second Congress at Aix la Chapelle. On its dissolution, Wellington returned to England, and on the 26th of December, was appointed Master General of the Ordnance. On the 24th of May, 1819, his Grace was present in Kensington Palace, when the gracious lady of these realms was born.

At this time the Duke of Wellington may be said to have fairly entered into that civil and parliamentary career which forms a scarcely less important part of his life than the period of his military achievements. The death of George III., the accession of George IV., the public agitation and disturbance which had been going on prior to those events, and the unhappy and unbecoming proceedings against Queen Caroline which followed them, brought the Duke prominently forward, and proved him to be an able, firm, and sagacious statesman. On the 4th of March, 1821, the Duke was appointed Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade; and in the same year he officiated as Lord High Constable at the coronation of George IV.

In 1825, when a mania for joint-stock companies seized the public mind, his Grace exerted himself to restrain the infatuation of English capitalists; and, as an acknowledgement of his services, he was invited to a splendid banquet, and presented with a magnificent silver vase, worth £1000. In 1826, there was commercial distress of the severest description. At the Duke's suggestion, small notes were re-issued at the Bank of England; and this expedient, joined to the large amount of new coin, at last put an end to the embarrassment.

His Grace was appointed, with Sir Robert Peel and other leading members of Parliament, among the Commissioners for Indian Affairs. The Duke of York dying on the 5th of January, the Duke of Wellington became, on the 24th, his successor as Commander-in-Chief and Colonel of the 1st Grenadier Guards. On the 10th of March his Grace was installed High Constable of the Tower; at the same time he was made Custos Rotulorum of the Tower Hamlets. The Premier, Lord Liverpool, having died of apoplexy, on the 17th of February, after holding office since the 9th of June, 1812, the King, on the 10th of April, nominated Mr. Canning his successor. Upon this the Duke of Wellington, and six other of the principal members of the old Cabinet, retired, his Grace resigning the command of the army on the 30th. This secession caused the failure of Canning's Ministry: it was succeeded by that of Lord Goderich, a very short-lived Government; and when that was broken up the Duke of Wellington was instructed to frame a Cabinet. This he accordingly did, resigning his military command on the 15th of February, in favour of Lord Hill. Mr. Huskisson, Lord Dudley, Mr. Charles Grant, and Lord Palmerston, very soon ceased to be of his administration. The Duke of Clarence also succeeded as Lord High Admiral.

One of the reforms with which the Duke of Wellington's name is indissolubly connected, is the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, which he carried through the session of 1829.

Another measure of similar nature and of more historic note was the Roman Catholic Relief Bill. His Lordship had shown himself, when Chief Secretary for Ireland, leniently disposed towards alleviating the penalties and restrictions that weighed upon the large body of his Majesty's Catholic subjects. The question had been agitated for years; and his Grace's Cabinet, after resisting the popular demands for some time, at length found themselves compelled to yield. Mr. Peel (the late Sir Robert) then sat for the University of Oxford, and the first intimation of the Ministry's determination was his resignation. This step caused a prodigious sensation; and the University marked its displeasure by electing Sir Robert Inglis in the room of Mr. Peel. A fierce and memorable struggle took place in both Houses; but during the session of 1829, Mr. Peel carried the bill through the Commons by a majority of 160 on the second reading, and 178 on the third; and the Duke himself passed it through the Lords by a majority of 105 on the second reading, and 104 on the third. It received the Royal assent on the 13th of April, 1829.

On the 19th of March, of the same year, the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, a determined opposer of the bill, behaved towards the Duke in a manner which his Grace considered an insult. A new scholastic institution, called King's College, having been opened in the Strand, to counteract the supposed tendencies of that in Gower-street, his Grace had been selected as patron. Lord Winchelsea wrote to Mr. Coleridge, the secretary, in the following terms:—"I was one of those who at first thought the plan might be practicable, and prove an antidote to the principles of the London University. Late political events have convinced me that the whole transaction was intended as a blind to the Protestant and High Church party; and that the nob's Duke, who had for some time previous to that period determined upon breaking in upon the Constitution of 1688, might the more effectually, under the cloak of some outward show of zeal for the Protestant religion, carry on his insidious designs for the infringement of our liberties, and the introduction of Popery into every department of the State." The Duke of Wellington demanded a retraction, which his Lordship declined to give, and the preliminaries having been settled by Sir Henry Hardinge on the one hand, and the Earl of Falmouth on the other, the two Peers had a hostile meeting, on Saturday, the 21st of March, in Battersea-fields. His Grace fired without effect, the Earl discharged his pistol into the air, and the parties then left the ground. Lord Winchelsea afterwards published the retraction demanded of him by his Grace.

On the 29th January, 1829, the Duke was appointed Governor of Dover Castle and Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. He soon afterwards added the whole of the Silchester property to his estate in Hampshire.

In 1830 came the French Revolution and the subsequent fall of the Duke's Government. A cry had been raised for Reform; this the Duke refused, and the result was immense popular excitement. His Grace himself did not escape personal insult; and considerable damage was done to his property. The new King, William IV., intended to be present at the City feast at Guildhall, but the Ministers received certain information, and his Majesty stayed away. On the 15th of the same November, 1830, Ministers were defeated on Sir Henry Parnell's amendment, appointing a select committee to inquire into the

Civil List, by a majority of 27; and on the following evening his Grace and Sir Robert Peel announced the resignation of the Cabinet. Lord Grey was named his successor; Lord Hill, however, continuing at the Horse Guards.

On the 24th of June Lord John Russell recommenced the Reform discussion, and the bill passed in the Lower House on the 19th July, by a large majority. On the following day it was taken up to the Lords by upwards of a hundred members, headed by Lords Althorp and Russell, and was delivered to the Lord Chancellor. It was read for the first time *pro forma*. The 3d of October was fixed for the second reading. The popular excitement was intense. The Corporation of London presented an address to the King, praying for Reform; and the mob which accompanied them to the Palace proceeded to St. James's-square, and broke the windows of Lord Bristol's mansion, and then passed on to Apsley House, where they were guilty of a similar act of violence. Lord Grey re-introduced the Bill in the following March, when the Opposition being weakened by the desertion of the Bishop of London and other Lords, the bill was read a second time by a majority of nine; upon which, the Duke and seventy-four other Peers entered their protest on the journals. When their Lordships re-assembled, it was proposed to take the question of enfranchisement first: and Lord Grey, being defeated, waited on the King and gave him the alternative of either creating a sufficient number of new Peers or of accepting his resignation. His Majesty accordingly sent for Lord Lyndhurst, and desired him to communicate with the Duke and Sir Robert Peel, but both being intractable on the Reform question the King recalled Lord Grey. So popular was this step that the Opposition gave up the contest, and the bill received the Royal assent by commission on the 7th of June, 1832. Earl Grey was soon afterwards succeeded by Lord Melbourne, but the Reform Ministry did not last long, being broken up by the resignation of Lord Althorp.

On the 15th of November his Grace was directed by the King to form a new Administration, and he at once recommended the appointment of Sir Robert Peel to the Premiership. As Sir Robert was then in Italy, the Duke was at first entrusted with the whole charge of Government, and held the seals of the three Secretaries of State; but when the Cabinet was filled up, he took the direction of the Foreign Affairs. The Lower House, however, having carried the election of the Speaker, defeated the Ministers by passing a clause for appropriating part of the Irish Church property to purposes of education. In consequence of this Ministers resigned in the April of 1834.

On the 29th January, 1834, his Grace had been unanimously elected Chancellor of Oxford, in the room of Lord Grenville, deceased. His popularity now returned, and remained unchanged till the end of his life. At the coronation of the Queen, in 1837, his reception by the crowd was enthusiastic. Marshal Soult, who was present as Ambassador Extraordinary from France, was also received with loud applause. On the 13th of July the Corporation of London gave a grand dinner to the foreign Princes and Ambassadors, at the Guildhall. The healths of the two heroes were drunk together, with tremendous cheering; and, in returning thanks, they complimented each other in the warmest manner.

On the resignation of Lord Melbourne, in 1839, the Queen sent for the Duke, and, at his suggestion, commissioned Sir Robert Peel to form a Ministry; but the Whigs returned to office, her Majesty refusing to dismiss the ladies of her household.

In 1841 Sir R. Peel constituted a Cabinet, which remained in power until the repeal of the Corn-laws, in 1846. On the 15th of August Lord Hill resigned the command of the army, in consequence of the state of his health, and the Duke, who once more returned to that important office, held it to the period of his decease.

For the last few years of his life the Duke still continued to be consulted by Ministers, and indeed by her Majesty herself, who is understood to have taken his opinion on most matters of importance. He had always very regularly conformed to domestic observances, and mingled largely with the society to which he belonged. His last appearance in state was on the occasion of the dissolution of Parliament, when it became his duty to be bearer of the Sword of State. The venerable Duke, feeble with age, was accordingly seen in his place, carrying the heavy and ancient weapon. His latest remarkable speech was in the House of Lords, when he emphatically came forward to signify his approbation of Sir Harry Smith's conduct of the Kafir war.

The Duke had gone to Walmer Castle—his general health was still good. Last Saturday afternoon he rode over on horseback to Dover, and, in his capacity of Lord Warren, inspected the works in progress in the Harbour of Refuge, and other departments. He then seemed in excellent health and spirits.

His death may be said to have been sudden. He died after a "succession of fits," at a quarter past three in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 14th of September.

The Duke married, 10th April, 1806, the Hon. Catherine Pakenham, third daughter of Edward Michael, second Lord Longford, and by her (who was born in 1772, and died in 1831) he had issue—

I. ARTHUR, Marquis of Douro, who succeeds as second Duke of Wellington. His Grace is a Colonel in the army. He was born 3d February, 1807, and married, 19th April, 1839, Lady Elizabeth Hay, fourth daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale, which lady was born 27th September, 1820.

II. LORD CHARLES WELLESLEY, M.P. for Windsor, a Colonel in the army, born 16th January, 1808; married, 9th July, 1844, Augusta Sophia Anne, only child of the Right Hon. Henry Manvers Pierrepont, brother of Earl Manvers, and by her (who was born 30th May, 1820) has had three sons—Arthur, born 5th May, 1845; died 7th July, 1846; Henry, born 5th April, 1846; Arthur Charles, born 15th March, 1849; and two daughters, to the eldest of whom, Victoria Alexandrina, her Majesty stood sponsor in person.

His Grace's NEPHEWS and NIECES were as follow:—

William, present Earl of Mornington.
Lady Mary Charlotte Anne Bagot, who died in 1845.
Lady Emily Harriet, wife of Lord Fitzroy Somerset.
Lady Priscilla Anne, married to the Earl of Westmorland.

Charles Wellesley
George Grenville Wellesley
Emily Anne Charlotte, wife of the Hon. and Rev. Robert Liddell
Georgiana Henrietta Louisa, wife of the Rev. George Darby St. Quintin
Mary Sarah, Viscountess Chelsea
Cecil Elizabeth, wife of the Hon. George A. F. Liddell

Henry Richard Charles, second and present Lord Cowley
The Hon. William Wellesley
The Hon. and Rev. Gerald Wellesley, Rector of Strathfieldsaye
The Hon. Charlotte Arbuthnot, wife of Lord Robert Grosvenor
The Hon. Georgiana Charlotte Mary, wife of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, G.C.B.

Georgiana-Frederica (only daughter of Lady Anne Wellesley, his Grace's sister, by her first husband, the Hon. Henry Fitzroy), married, 25th July, 1814, to Henry, Marquis of Worcester, now Duke of Beaufort.
Frederick Smith, Esq., son of Lady Anne Wellesley, by her second husband, C. Culling Smith, Esq.
Emily-Frances, Duchess of Beaufort, daughter of Lady Ann Wellesley, by her second husband, C. Culling Smith, Esq.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE Great Duke—a sagacious colleague at a Cabinet Council, the dignified host at a Waterloo banquet, the exact and impartial dispenser of patronage at the Horse Guards, the accomplished musical connoisseur at the Italian Opera; and the kind, hearty, and sympathising old gentleman at the latest marriage ceremony or christening—the Great Duke, we say, never looked more in his element than in the House of Lords.

His Grace was no dilettanti legislator. Exactly at five o'clock during the Session he was on his way down Whitehall, either on horseback—for he rode with uncommon ease and grace, notwithstanding his advanced years—or in a carriage of novel construction which he had himself designed, drawn by one horse—a kind of cabriolet on four wheels. In the House of Lords the Duke did not come in for a lounge or a gossip,

as is the custom of many noble Lords, but applied himself steadily to the business under discussion. Seated on one of the cross benches just below the Woolsack, or, when the House was not in committee, occupying the chair of the Chairman of Committees at the table, the Duke gave his entire and conscientious attention to every thing that was said on both sides of the House. So strict and unbroken was his determination to hear everything, that people who heard noble Lords make prosy and rambling speeches, in which they repeated arguments which had been a dozen times before repeated in the House of Commons, and who saw the Duke of Wellington still listening with undiminished attention, conceived a theory that the Duke never read the newspapers, and formed his opinion upon public measures only from the evidence, and explanations, and arguments which came before him in his legislative capacity. Such a practice is in the strictest conformity with constitutional theory, although little in accordance, perhaps, with the habits of modern statesmen in the ranks of the Peerage.

The Duke of Wellington always seemed to us the best dressed man in the House of Lords. Other Peers, although we do not remember one, may have appeared in better fitting garments; but there was a happy suitableness in the colour and fashioning of the Duke's clothes which showed that he exercised the nicest supervision over his tailor, and by no means suffered that functionary to apparel him in the newest modes. His favourite costume was a blue frock coat, white waistcoat, white trousers, and white neckcloth—the latter fastened behind with a large silver buckle. Last winter the Duke made his appearance in the House of Lords in a short white cloak or cape, which at first excited much attention, from its singularity. But, upon examination, it was seen to cover the old man's neck and chest in so warm and cosy a manner, and to agree so well with his clear complexion and white hairs, that it seemed one of the most graceful winter garments imaginable.

The Duke's style of oratory was no doubt deficient in the higher flights of rhetoric, which he never affected, but it possessed in an eminent degree the qualities of plainness, perspicuity, and energy. He went straight at his mark, and seldom missed the bull's eye. His oratory accurately reflected the character of his mind: it was eminently practical. His speeches, always short, were yet always pregnant with matter, and marked by a certain native good-sense and soldier-like bluntness and directness, which became him wonderfully. Latterly there were frequent pauses in his speeches, not arising from want of words or a paucity of ideas, but from a difficulty of articulation and ejaculation. Of late years, the Duke's deafness had so grown upon him that he interchanged very few remarks in the House with his most intimate friends. He became conscious that his interlocutor could not become audible to him without being heard by almost every one in the House, and the Duke did not choose to make a confidant of the Bench of Bishops and the Strangers' Gallery.

But if, upon ordinary occasions, when the Duke graced the House of Lords with his presence, he was the object of attention, there were two days in the year when he was indeed the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes," and when, he received gentle and admiring glances sufficient to turn the head of any man whose mind was less evenly balanced. We refer to the ceremonial upon the opening and prorogation of Parliament by the Queen in person. The writer was among the favoured few who witnessed this grand and imposing ceremonial at the opening of the last session of Parliament. The Duke of Wellington had never seemed to look better. His white hairs were combed and brushed with a grace and precision which would have seemed dandyism in any one else. His cheeks seemed to us to be filling out as if Nature had some obesity in store for that spare frame. Never had he looked more venerable. Every one esteemed it a privilege to see the Great Captain of the age—the greatest subject in Christendom. Not a few experienced a presentiment that this might be the last Speech from the Throne on opening a new Session, that the Duke might be spared to hear. Never, it is certain, was so much attention directed to the illustrious warrior. The proudest Peeress and the greatest beauty felt happy in obtaining a nod, a passing word, a shake of the hand. The Duke could not but be conscious of the admiration of which he was the object, yet he knew how to retire within himself. So far from challenging attention on these occasions, he contrived to make every one feel that it would be highly improper for him to come between the assembly and the Sovereign. We have always admired the exquisite tact with which, in the presence of the Sovereign, the Duke of Wellington has forgotten his own individuality and self-consciousness. When the Queen was present the Duke knew of no one else, and his own pretensions to distinction never came into his head, even if they occurred to any one else.

When the ermine robe of the Duke was thrown over the Field-Marshal's uniform; the Queen was at the door of her Royal Palace, and the Duke prepared to carry the Sword of State in the Royal procession. The Duke's place on this occasion was on the highest step of the throne, on her Majesty's left hand—the corresponding place on the Queen's right being occupied by the Mistress of the Robes. When her Majesty had taken her seat, the Sword of State was held by the Duke in an erect position, and with an air that would have done credit to the smartest corporal in the Guards. Becoming, however, more and more interested in the successive passages of the Royal Speech, his Grace, by degrees, bent his aged head to the level of her Majesty's lips, while the sword in his right hand assumed a regicidal angle of incidence which the venerable Duke would have been inexpressibly shocked to observe. Happily the sword was sheathed, and no harm was done, for her Majesty and her faithful Lords and Commons were too much occupied with the delivery of the Royal Speech to notice the threatening position of the Sword of State, suspended over the Royal neck, it is true, at that moment, but in the loyal hands in the world.

The Duke's temperance was carried to the verge of abstemiousness. His ability to endure fatigue was remarkably shown upon the memorable Corn-Law debate in the House of Lords, when the Duke took his seat upon the Ministerial benches at five o'clock, and did not once leave his place till their Lordships divided at five o'clock the next morning. The Duke, upon this occasion, took an affecting leave of their Lordships and of public life; but, ever faithful to the call of duty, he has not unfrequently taken a part in debate since that period.

The Duke's habit of early rising enabled him to be one of the most prompt and punctual of correspondents. Almost all the epistles beginning "F. M. the Duke of Wellington" were written before many younger men had left their beds. We have heard a Colonel in the Guards relate that a short time ago a point of military discipline arose in connexion with the Household troops, which required prompt solution. Application was made to his Grace; but he was at a ball, and did not return to Apsley House until midnight. A statement of the difficulty awaited him upon his return; and before eight o'clock next morning the *militaires*, to their infinite astonishment, received his Grace's answer, which contained an elaborate recital of all the cases and precedents applicable to the point in dispute, set forth in the clearest and most methodical manner.

The greatest ornament of the House of Peers is gone, and his place shall know him no more. His brother Peers have lost the most patient of listeners, and Mr. Barry's beautiful chamber its greatest living attraction. The hoary head of the great warrior and statesman is brought low, but a nation mourns at his tomb. His life now belongs to history, to poetry, and to painting; and so long as the English language endures, the name of WELLINGTON will not be forgotten.

PRECIS

OF THE

COMMISSIONS, SERVICES, OFFICIAL COMMANDS, AND

PUBLIC HONOURS

OF

FIELD MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

(This very interesting Chronological Record, to the year 1835, is appended to Col. Gurwood's "Despatches of the Duke of Wellington," 12 vols. 8vo.)

Born	1 May, 1769
Ensign	7 Mar. 1787
Lieutenant	25 Dec. 1787
Captain	30 June, 1791
Major	30 April, 1793
Lieutenant-Colonel	30 Sept. 1793
Colonel	3 May, 1796
Major-General	29 April, 1802
Lieutenant-General	25 April, 1808
General, in Spain and Portugal	31 July, 1811
Field Marshal	21 June, 1813
Died	14 Sept. 1852.

Embarked at Cork in command of the 33d regiment to join the Duke of York's army in the Netherlands, and arrived at Ostend	June
Re-embarked and proceeded by the Scheldt to Antwerp	July

1795.

As senior officer, commanded three battalions on the retreat of the army through Holland	Jan
Early in the spring, on the breaking up of the ice, the army, including the 33d regiment, re-embarked at Bremen for England. On return to England, embarked in the command of the 33d regiment for the West Indies, on board the fleet commanded by Admiral Christian	Oct

1796.

But owing to the heavy equinoctial gales, after being six weeks at sea, returned to port	19 Jan
Destination of the 33d regiment changed for India	12 April
Joined the 33d regiment at the Cape of Good Hope	Sept

1797.

Arrived in Bengal	Feb
Formed part of an expedition to Manila, but recalled on arrival at Penang	Aug
Returned to Calcutta	Nov

1798.

Proceeded on a visit to Madras	Jan
Returned to Calcutta	Mar
The 33d regiment placed on the Madras establishment	Sept

1799.

Appointed to command the subsidiary force of the Nizam, the 33d regiment being attached to it	Feb
Advance of the army on Seringapatam; Colonel Wellesley moving on the right flank, attacked and harassed by the enemy	10 Mar
Tippoo Sultan in position at Mallavelly; the attack and defeat of his right flank by the division under Colonel Wellesley and the cavalry under Major-General Floyd	27 Mar
Arrival of the British army before Seringapatam	3 April
The army take up their ground before the west face of that fortress: first attack on the Sultanpettah Tope, by the 33d regiment and 2d Bengal Native Regiment, under Colonel Wellesley	5 April
Second attack with an increased force, the Scotch Brigade (94th regiment), two battalions of Sepoys, and four guns	6 April
Siege of Seringapatam, until	3 May
Assault and capture: Colonel Wellesley commanding the reserve in the trenches	4 May
Colonel Wellesley appointed Governor of Seringapatam	6 May
A commission, consisting of Lieut. General Harris, Lieut.-Colonel Barry Close, Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley, the Hon. H. Wellesley, and Lieutenant-Colonel Kirkpatrick, appointed by the Governor-General for the settlement of the Mysore territories	4 June
Commission dissolved	8 July
Colonel Wellesley appointed to the command of Seringapatam and Mysore	9 July

1800.

Colonel Wellesley named to command an expedition against Batavia, in conjunction with Admiral Rainier, but declines the service, from the greater importance of his command in Mysore	May
The tranquillity of Mysore troubled by Dhoondiah Waugh, a Mahratta freebooter. Colonel Wellesley takes the field against him	July
Defeats him; death of Dhoondiah, and end of the warfare	10 Sept
Recalled from Mysore to command a force assembling at Trincomalee	Oct
Appointed to command this force, to be employed at Mauritius, or in the Red Sea, in the event of orders from Europe to that effect; or to be ready to act against any hostile attempt upon India	15 Nov

1801.

A despatch, overland, received by the Governor-General, with orders, dated 6th October, 1800, to send 3000 men to Egypt	6 Feb
The expedition being ready at Trincomalee, the Governor-General directed the whole force to proceed to the Red Sea; and appointed General Baird to command in chief, and Colonel Wellesley to be second in command	11 Feb
In the meantime Colonel Wellesley, having received from the Governors of Bombay and Madras copies of the overland despatch from Mr. Dundas, sailed from Trincomalee for Bombay in command of the troops	15 Feb
Colonel Wellesley, on his way to Bombay, informed of the appointment of Major-General Baird to the chief command	21 Feb
Prevented, by illness, from proceeding on the expedition to Egypt; Colonel Wellesley is ordered to resume his government of Mysore	28 April

1803.

Appointed to command a force assembled at Hurryhur to march into the Mahratta territory	27 Feb
Advance from Hurryhur	9 Mar
Arrival at Poonah	20 April
The Peshwah replaced on the musnud	13 May
Empowered to exercise the general direction and control of all the political and military affairs of the British Government in the territories of the Nizam, the Peshwah, and of the Mahratta States and Chiefs in the Deccan; similar authority being given to General Lake in Hindustan	26 June
The Mahratta war commenced	6 Aug
Siege and capture of Ahmednuggur	11 Aug
Siege and capture of Baroach	29 Aug
Battle of Assaye	23 Sept
Siege and capture of Asseerghur	21 Oct
Battle of Argum	29 Nov
Siege and Capture of Gawilghur	15 Dec
Treaty of Peace with the Rajah of Berar	17 Dec
with Dowlat Rao Scindiah	30 Dec

1804.

Surprise of a body of predatory Mahrattas, who were routed and destroyed, after an extraordinary forced march, near Munkaiceer	6 Feb
A sword of the value of £1000 voted to Major-General Wellesley by the British inhabitants of Calcutta	21 Feb
A golden vase voted to Major-General Wellesley, by the officers of his division, afterwards changed to a service of plate, embossed with "Assaye"	26 Feb
Visits Bombay	4 Mar
Fêtes and address by the garrison and inhabitants	16 May
Returns to the army near Poonah	17 May
Resigns the military and political powers vested in him by the Governor-General	24 June
Left the army for Seringapatam	28 June
Address voted to Major-General Wellesley, on his return from the army, by the native inhabitants of Seringapatam	6 July
Called to Calcutta to assist in military deliberations	1 Sept
Appointed a Knight Companion of the Bath	9 Nov
The civil and military powers vested in him on the 26th of June, 1803, and resigned on the 24th of June, 1804, renewed by the Governor-General	30 Nov
Returns to Seringapatam by Madras	

1805.

Resigns the political and military powers in the Deccan, and proposes to embark for Europe	24 Feb
Addresses on quitting India:	
From the Officers of the division lately under his command	27 Feb
Answer	8 Mar
From the Officers of the 33d Regt	28 Feb
Answer	Mar
From the native inhabitants of Seringapatam	4 Mar
Answer	4 Mar

Grand entertainment given to him at the Pantheon at Madras, by the civil and military Officers of the Presidency	5 Mar
Appoints Colonel Wallace, Major Barclay, and Captain Bellingham to superintend the prize affairs of the army of the Deccan	6 Mar
The thanks of the King and Parliament for his service in the command of the army of the Deccan, communicated in General Orders by the Governor-General	8 Mar
Embarks in his Majesty's ship <i>Trident</i> , for England	Mar
Arrival in England	Sept
Appointed to command a brigade in an expedition to Hanover, under Lord Cathcart	Nov

1806.

Appointed Colonel of the 33d Regt, vice Marquis Cornwallis, deceased	30 Jan
On the return of the expedition from Hanover, appointed to command a brigade of infantry in the Sussex district	Feb
Returned to serve in Parliament	

1807.

Appointed Secretary to Ireland (the Duke of Richmond being Lord-Lieutenant)	3 April
Sworn of his Majesty's Privy Council	8 April
Appointed to command in the army under Lord Cathcart, in the expedition against Copenhagen	July
Affair at Kiøge	29 Aug
Appointed to negotiate the capitulation of Copenhagen	5 Sept

1808.

Receives the thanks of Parliament for his conduct at Copenhagen, in his place in the House of Commons, and replies to the Speaker	1 Feb
Returns to Ireland	
Appointed to command an expedition assembled at Cork	July
The expedition sails for Corunna and Oporto	12 July
Finally lands at the mouth of the river Mondego, in Portugal	1 to 3 Aug
Affair of Obidos	15 Aug
Roliça	17 Aug
Battle of Vimiero	21 Aug
Superseded in the command of the army by Lieut-General Sir H. Burrard	21 Aug
By the desire of Lieut-General Sir H. Dalrymple, the Commander of the Forces, he signs the armistice with Lieut-General Kellermann, which led to the convention of Cintra	22 Aug
A piece of plate, commemorating the Battle of Vimiero, voted to Lieut-Gen Sir A. Wellesley, by the General and Field Officers who served at it	22 Aug
Commands a division of the army under Sir H. Dalrymple	22 Aug
Convention of Cintra	30 Aug
Returns to England	4 Oct
Court of Inquiry on the Convention of Cintra	17 Nov
His evidence before it	22 Nov
Returns to Ireland	

1809.

Receives the thanks of Parliament for Vimiero, in his place in the House of Commons, and replies to the Speaker	27 Jan
Appointed to command the army in Portugal	April
Resigns the office of Chief Secretary in Ireland	April
Arrives at Lisbon, and assumes the command	22 April
The Passage of the Douro, and Battle of Oporto	12 May
By a decree of the Prince Regent of Portugal, appointed Marshal-General of the Portuguese army	6 July
Battle of Talavera de la Reyna	27 and 28 July
Created a Peer, by the titles of Baron Douro of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera	26 Aug
Meets Marquis Wellesley at Seville and Cadiz	2 Nov

1810.

Thanks of Parliament voted for Talavera	1 Feb
Pension of £2000 per annum voted to Lord Wellington and his two succeeding heirs male	16 Feb
Appointed a member of the Regency in Portugal, in conjunction with Lord Stuart de Rothsay, then Mr. Stuart, his Majesty's Minister at Lisbon	Aug
Battle at Busaco	27 Sept
Takes up a position to cover Lisbon in the Lines, from Alhandra on the Tagus, to Torres Vedras and the Sea	10 Oct
Follows the retreat of the French army, under Marshal Massena, to Santarem	16 Nov

1811.

Again follows the retreat of the French army to Condeixa, and from thence along the line of the Mondego, to Celorico, Sabugal, Almeida, and Ciudad Rodrigo	5 Mar to 10 April
Affairs with the French army on its retreat:—	
At Pombal	11 Mar
At Redinha	12 Mar
At Casal Nova	14 Mar
At the Passage of the Ceira, at Foz d'Aronce	15 Mar
At Sabugal	3 April
Thanks of Parliament for the liberation of Portugal	26 April
Battle of Fuentes d'Onoro	3 and 5 May
Fall of Almeida	11 May
Battle of Albuera	16 May
Siege of Badajoz raised	10 June
Concentration of the army on the Caya	19 June
Carries the army to the north	1 Aug
Affair at El Bodon	25 Sept
at Aldea di Ponte	27 Sept
License granted in the name of the King, by the Prince Regent, to accept the title of Conde do Vimiero, and the insignia of Knight Grand Cross of the Tower and Sword, from the Prince Regent of Portugal	26 Oct
General Hill's surprise of General Girard, At Arroyo Molinos	28 Oct

1812.

Storm of Fort Renand, near Ciudad Rodrigo	8 Jan
Siege and capture of Ciudad Rodrigo	19 Jan
Created by the Regency a Grandes of Spain, with the title of Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo	
Thanks of Parliament for Ciudad Rodrigo	10 Feb
Advanced in the British Peerage by the title of Earl of Wellington	18 Feb
Vote of Parliament of £2000 per annum, in addition to the title	21 Feb
Siege and capture of Badajoz	6 April
Thanks of Parliament for Badajoz	27 April
Fort at Almaraz taken by General Hill	19 May
Siege and capture of the fortified convents at Salamanca	27 June
Battle of Salamanca	22 July
Charge of Cavalry at La Serna	23 July
The Order of the Golden Fleece conferred by the Regency of Spain	12 Aug
Enters Madrid	
Appointed Generalissimo of the Spanish armies	
Advanced in the British Peerage by the title of Marquis of Wellington	18 Aug
Advanced by the Regent of Portugal to the title of Marquez de Torres Vedras	
Marches towards Burgos	4 Sept
Siege and failure of Burgos	22 Oct
Retreat to the frontier of Portugal, to the	19 Nov
Thanks of Parliament voted for Salamanca	3 Dec
A grant of £100,000 from Parliament, to be laid out in the purchase of lands to that value, as a reward for his services, and to enable him to support the dignity of his peerage	7 Dec
Advanced by the Regent of Portugal to the title of Duque da Victoria	18 Dec
Visits Cadiz, where he is received by a deputation of the Cortes	24 Dec

1813.

Appointed Colonel of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards	1 Jan
Returns to Portugal by Lisbon, where he is received by the whole population	16 Jan
Fêtes given by the Regency, and at San Carlos	
Letter on quitting the 33d Regiment as Colonel	2 Feb
Elected a Knight of the Garter	4 Mar
Advance into Spain in two columns; the left column, under Lieut-General Sir T. Graham, by the north bank of the Douro; the right column to Salamanca	6 May
Quits Freneda for Salamanca	22 May
Affair near Salamanca	25 May
The Commander of the Forces proceeds to the left column, at Miranda de Duero	29 May
Affair of the Hussar brigade at Morales de Toro	2 June
Junction of the two columns at Toro, and advance of the army on Valladolid and Burgos	4 June
The Castle of Burgos blown up	12 June
The Ebro turned at San Martin and Rocamundo	14 June
Affair at San Milan	18 June
Battle of Vittoria	21 June
Promoted to Field Marshal. (<i>Gazette</i> , 3d July)	21 June
Pursuit of the French army to France by Pamplona, and the passes of Roncesvalles and Maya in the Pyrenees; and by Tolosa, San Sebastian, and Iran	8 July
Thanks of Parliament for Vittoria	17 July
Siege of San Sebastian	
The Regency of Spain, on the proposition of the Cortes, offer to bestow on the Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo the estate of the Soto de Roma in Granada, "in the name of the Spanish nation, in testimony of its sincere gratitude"	22 July

First assault and failure at San Sebastian	25 July
Advance of the French army under Marshal Soult, by Maya and Roncesvalles; the right and centre divisions of the army concentrating near Pamplona	24 to 27 July
Battle of Sorauren	28 July
Retreat of the French army into France	30 July
Affair at the Puerto de Echalar	1 Aug
Re-occupation of the positions on the Pyrenees by the Allied Armies	2 Aug
Second assault and fall of San Sebastian	31 Aug
Affairs on the Bidassoa and San Marcial	31 Aug
Castle of San Sebastian capitulated	8 Sept
Passage of the Bidassoa, and entrance into France	7 Oct
Thanks of Parliament for San Sebastian, and the operations subsequent to Vittoria	8 Oct
Surrender of Pamplona	31 Oct
The whole of the army descend into France; passage and battle of the Nivelle	10 Nov
Passage of the Nive	9 Dec
Marshal Soult attacks the left and right of the British army, and is successively defeated	10 to 18 Dec

1814.

Leaves two divisions to blockade Bayonne, and follows Marshal Soult with the remainder of the army	Feb
Affair at Hellette	14 Feb
Battle of Orthez	27 Feb
Passage of the Adour at St. Sever	1 Mar
Affair at Aire	2 Mar
The permission of the Prince Regent granted to the Marquis of Wellington to accept and wear the insignia of the following Orders:	4 Mar
Grand Cross of the Imperial Military Order of Maria Teresa	
the Imperial Russian Military Order of St. George	
the Royal Prussian Military Order of the Black Eagle	
The Royal Swedish Military Order of the Sword	
Detaches two divisions to Bordeaux	8 Mar
Affair at Tarbes	20 Mar
Thanks of the Prince Regent and the Parliament for Orthez	24 Mar
Passage of the Garonne	4 April
Battle of Toulouse	10 April
Advanced in the British Peerage by the titles of Marquis of Douro and Duke of Wellington	3 May
Visits Paris	4 May
Visits Madrid. King Ferdinand confirms all the honours and rewards conferred upon him in his Majesty's name by the Regency and the Cortes	24 May
A grant of £400,000 voted by Parliament, in addition to the former grants	June
Arrives in England	23 June
Proceeds to pay his respects to the Prince Regent, then at Portsmouth with the Allied Monarchs	24 June
His reception in the House of Peers on taking his seat as Baron, Viscount, Earl, Marquis, and Duke	28 June
Returns thanks at the bar of the House of Commons, and is addressed by the Speaker	30 June
Appointed Ambassador to the Court of France	5 July
Banquet given by the Corporation of London	9 July
Heraldic honours bestowed	25 Aug
Assists at the Congress at Vienna	1 Nov

1815.

On the arrival of Bonaparte in France, appointed Commander of the British Forces on the Continent of Europe, and from Vienna joins the army at Bruxelles	11 April
Puts himself in communication with Prince Blücher, in command of the Prussian army on the Meuse	2 May
Moves the allied army towards Nivelles, on the French army, under Bonaparte, crossing the frontier at Charleroi	15 June
Battle of Quatre Bras	16 June
Retires to a position to cover Bruxelles, on the border of the Forest of Soignies	17 June
Battle of Waterloo	18 June
Created Prince of Waterloo by the King of the Netherlands	
Thanks of the Prince Regent and Parliament for Waterloo	22 June
Pursuit of the fugitive remains of the French army to Paris	
Surrender of Cambrai	25 June
of Peronne	
Paris capitulated	3 July
By his interference, prevents the Column in the Place Vendôme and the Bridge of Jena being destroyed	6 July
A grant of £200,000 voted by Parliament, in addition to the former grants	July
Appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies of Occupation in France	22 Oct

1818.

Assists at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle	Oct
Appointed Field-Marshal in the Austrian, Russian, and Prussian Armies	Oct
The evacuation of France by the Allied Armies	1 Nov
Appointed Master-General of the Ordnance	26 Dec

1819.

Appointed Governor of Plymouth	9 Dec
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1820.

Appointed Colonel in Chief of the Rifle Brigade	19 Feb
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1821.

Attends George IV., King of England, to the field of Waterloo	1 Oct
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1822.

Statue of Achilles inscribed to the Duke, in Hyde Park	18 June
Assists at the Congress of Verona	22 Oct

1826.

Proceeds on an especial embassy to St. Petersburg	Feb
Removes from the Government of Plymouth to be Constable of the Tower of London	29 Dec

1827.

Appointed Colonel of the Grenadier Guards	22 Jan
Appointed Commander-in-Chief	22 Jan
Resigns	30 April
Re-appointed	27 Aug

1828.

The King having called upon him to serve in the office of First Lord of the Treasury, he resigns the command of the army	15 Feb
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1829.

Appointed Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports	20 Jan
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1830.

Resigns the office of First Lord of the Treasury	Oct
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1834.

Elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford	Jan
Intrusted by the King with the whole charge of the Government and the seals of the three Secretaries of State	Nov
Continues Secretary of Foreign Affairs	Dec

1835.

Resigns	April
Receives Queen Adelaide, as Chancellor of the University of Oxford	19 Oct

1837.

Received with great cordiality by the people at the coronation of Queen Victoria	28 June
Friesias at a meeting to erect a monument to Lord Nelson	1 Aug

1839.

Grand entertainment given to the Duke at Dover	30 Aug
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1841.

Peel Ministry: the Duke in the Cabinet, without office	Sept
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1842.

Her Majesty visits the Duke at Walmer Castle	
The Duke appointed Commander of the Forces	Dec

1844.

Equestrian statue of the Duke inaugurated at Glasgow	8 Oct
Equestrian statue of the Duke, Royal Exchange, inaugurated	18 June

1845.

Her Majesty visits the Duke at Strathfieldsaye	20 June
First stone of the Waterloo barracks, in the Tower, laid by the Duke	14 June

1846.

Peel Ministry resigns: the Duke retires from the Cabinet	6 July
Colossal equestrian statue of the Duke erected upon the arch, Green Park	30 Sept

1848.

Publication of the Duke's letter to Sir John Burgoyne, on the national defences	Jan
The Duke directs great preparations to prevent a Chartist outbreak	March
Status of the Duke erected in the Tower	Oct

1852.

Equestrian statue of the Duke at Edinburgh inaugurated	18 June
Death at Walmer Castle	14 Sept



STRATHFIELDSAY, HANTS.

STRATHFIELDSAY.

STRATHFIELDSAY is situated about six and a half miles north-west of the Winchfield station, and about the same distance north-east of the station at Basingstoke: it is about three and a half miles east of Silchester. The parish of Strathfieldsay is partly in the county of Berkshire. The park is not of very great extent, the average breadth being about a mile, and the length about a mile and a half; but it is rendered pleasant, especially on the eastern side, by a diversity of hill and dale, and some fine trees; and it is also enlivened by the waters of the river Loddon, which, widening through the grounds, are expanded into various sheets of ornamental water, near which the mansion is situated. The term Strath, or Strat, as it is usually pronounced, seems to have been an old term signifying a "stretch" of level ground with elevations running along the sides. In this sense it is frequently used in Scotland, and in some instances of its employment with this meaning may be found in Wales. The addition of "Say" appears to have been derived from a family of that name, who originally possessed the domain, and from which it passed in marriage to that of the Dabridgecourts, who held it from the time of Richard II. to the year 1636. About that time it was purchased by Sir W. Pitt, an ancestor of the Earl of Chatham, to whom it descended, and who, as well as his equally celebrated son, often resided here.

This fine estate, it will be recollected, was presented to the late Duke of Wellington by the British nation in 1814, under circumstances which it may now be interesting to recapitulate:—

The Duke of Wellington took his seat in the House of Peers on the 28th of June, 1814. He had just returned from Spain, the scene of his

splendid career of victories. After the ceremony of introduction, all his patents of nobility were read; and the Lord Chancellor, in delivering to his Grace the unanimous thanks of the House, took occasion to remark, in the course of his speech, that (a circumstance unprecedented in our history) the first day on which the Duke had appeared among the Peers of England, he had produced titles in regular gradation to the whole of the honours of the peerage in the power of the Crown to bestow.

After the battle of Waterloo, the Legislature was called upon to "take such measures as should afford a further proof of the opinion entertained by Parliament of the Duke of Wellington's transcendent services, and of the gratitude and munificence of the British nation." But as there were no honours which the Duke had not already received, Parliament could therefore only repeat their thanks, and increase their former munificent grant for the purchase of an estate, by the addition of a sum by which a palace might be erected on a scale of magnificence worthy the conqueror for whom it was designed. These several grants had now amounted to a considerable sum, and the trustees appointed to carry the intention of Parliament into effect by the application of the funds to the purchase of an estate and the erection of a mansion suitable to the dignity of the Duke's rank, at length purchased the manor of Strathfieldsay.

The first act, granting a sum of money to the Duke of Wellington for the purchase of an estate, was passed December 22, 1812 (53 George III. c. 4). For this purpose, and in gratitude for the services of the Duke, "particularly at the battle of Salamanca," it vests in the hands of certain trustees the sum of £100,000 to be applied as above stated. This act was amended by another (53 George III., c. 133), empowering the trustees to lay out a portion of the money in the erection of buildings.

The next grant was made by the 54th George III. c. 161, which gives to the same fund the additional sum of £400,000 (or an annuity of £13,000) to the Duke and his heirs. The sum granted after the battle of Waterloo was £200,000, by the act authorising which (55 George III. c. 186) it is enacted that the estate purchased with the money should be deemed to be holden of the Crown, on condition of sending to the King at Windsor a tri-coloured flag on the 18th June, the anniversary of Waterloo.

The Duke of Wellington, it will be recollected, was honoured with a visit at Strathfieldsay, by her Majesty and Prince Albert in 1845.

WALMER CASTLE.

THIS Castle, which holds a middle place between the ancient and modern fortifications, is coeval with Deal Castle, of the time of Henry VIII.; with Sandown Castle they form a defence for the Kentish coast between Sandwich and Dover. Walmer was the official residence of the late Duke of Wellington, as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports; and has just acquired a melancholy interest as the place where the illustrious Duke breathed his last. About ten years since, in November, 1842, his Grace was honoured by her Majesty and Prince Albert, with a visit at Walmer. The appointment to the Wardenship, on a vacancy, has hitherto been given to the Prime Minister. The Admiralty jurisdiction of the Cinque Ports, attached to the office of Lord Warden, is expressly reserved in that clause of the Municipal Reform Act which abolishes chartered Admiralty jurisdictions in general.



WALMER CASTLE, KENT.